

JOHN BULL



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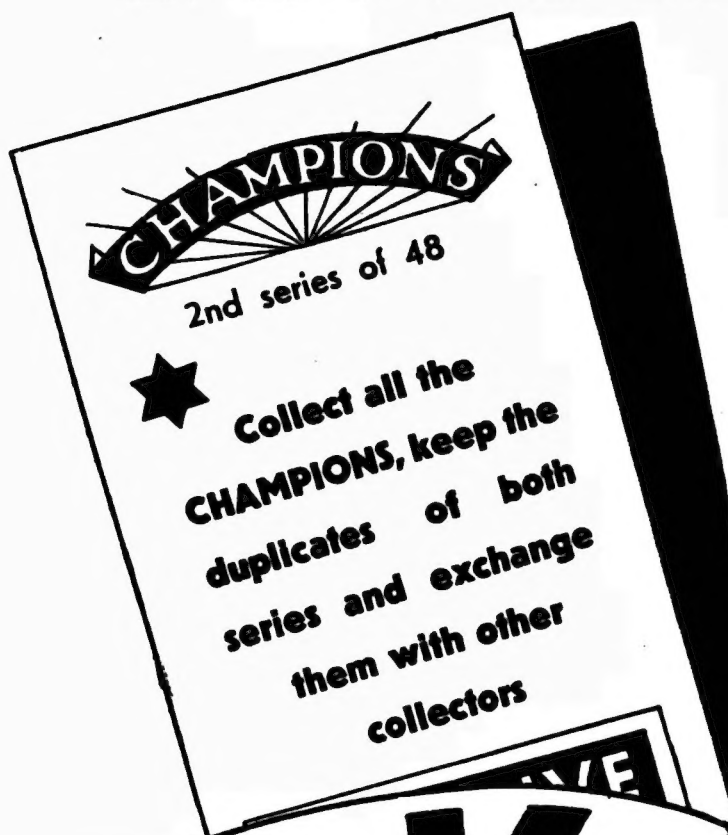
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TRUNK MURDER Ghouls

CURIOSITY is, we know, one of the commonest of all human qualities. It can be a useful attribute, a sign of health, of life. But there is such a thing as morbid curiosity, which is not healthy at all. It is a nasty, disgusting thing and people who indulge in it deserve all the censure they get.

It has been perfectly reasonable for the whole nation to follow with breathless interest the recent police activities in connection with the Brighton trunk crimes.

In such cases, indeed, keen public interest is often very beneficial to the community—because out of it may spring clues or information which may help to bring a criminal to justice.

But it is altogether a different matter when the public find judicial proceedings against a person suspected of murder being regarded by a section of the public as a new type of holiday entertainment—something more exciting than the games or the beach concert parties.

We refer, of course, to the really shocking scenes which took place the other day at Brighton Police Court, when the man, Jack Tyrer, was charged with the murder of one of the trunk crime victims.

When the doors of the Court were opened the public there was beheld such a spectacle as has rarely been seen in the history of the law. Even the police, hardened as they are to the prurient interest which the sight of a man in such a position evokes in certain low types of mind—especially feminine.

A queue of hundreds of people dressed as if they were at the beach, holding bags of fruit and boxes

of chocolates, and carrying on exactly as if they were waiting for a pierrot show to begin, stood outside the Court.

There were girls in beach pyjamas and even sketchier attire, women with knitting, and camp stools, women carrying babies. They chattered and laughed just as if they were going in to see a Greta Garbo or Mae West film.

Their disgusting behaviour wrung a furious outburst from a police inspector. "This is not a place of entertainment," he told the crowd. "I think you had better return to the sea-front."

Nevertheless, the crowd, exercising their inalienable rights as free-born Britons to see justice done, stayed on. And in the ensuing scramble to see the prisoner, many of the women were knocked down, trampled upon and hurt. (We confess we have no sympathy for them.) Several of them were fighting, scratching and kicking each other, and deserved all they got.

So outrageous was the behaviour of these crowds that the police were actually put to the trouble of smuggling a "dummy" out of the Court so as to distract the attention of the morbid sightseers while the prisoner was removed by a side entrance.

THE Brighton scenes are merely the last of a long chain of similar occurrences in connection with recent murder cases where there have been those same jostling queues, the same chattering spectators in beach pyjamas or Mayfair confections, replete with sandwiches and bags of fruit, the same atmosphere reducing the sober panoply of justice to the level of a sideshow.

Do you remember the Barney case—the twelve-hour queue sitting on camp stools outside the Old Bailey as if it had been a London theatre?

The chattering Mayfair beauties and night club habitués crowding the galleries, the others who tried to bribe barristers' clerks and court officials with the price of a theatre stall, so that they could get into the overcrowded court and fix their unwavering gaze with the rest on that pathetic woman in the dock.

You will remember the comments of Mr.

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY,

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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

Justice Humphreys and the lashing scorn of Sir Patrick Hastings who directed the very opening words of his final speech for the defence—to them.

"We are not in this court to amuse. We leave that to the people who have been here the last two or three days, no doubt enjoying and gloating over every expression of agony. . . . We despise some of these people here, and loathe these things."

And there was the recent Fox trial at Lewes Assizes. Chars-à-bancs were run from Margate where the murder was committed for the benefit of ardent thrill-seekers who did not wish to miss the final scenes.

At a murder trial in Cornwall a complete concert party came from a seaside resort near by and joined the queues outside the public gallery of the Court. Some of them still had remains of their "make-up" on their faces. Others helped to enliven the waiting time for the queue with quips and cracks, and once a gentleman shepherding the line had to hush the giggles and laughter among the crowd.

ONCE the late Sir Edward Marshall Hall summed up the murder crowds in a phrase, "Peeping Toms in the shadow of the scaffold," he called them. That great advocate perhaps remembered the Madame Fahmy trial in which he was engaged, the fighting crush outside the Court, and the women spectators sitting up in the gallery knitting . . . knitting . . .

The same "box office" atmosphere extends apparently to the scenes and associations of a murder. There are people who readily see the attraction of those places for the morbidly-minded, and exploit it.

After the Patrick Mahon trial there were disgraceful scenes which went on for days at the bungalow on the Crumbles near Eastbourne where the grim discovery was made.

Certain local photographers did a roaring trade taking pictures of holiday-makers, standing in the door of the bungalow and in the garden, at a shilling a time. One enterprising individual decided to open the bungalow for an admission fee "just as the police left it"—"see the room where the murder was committed."

Fortunately for the self-respect of the borough of Eastbourne, the local police acted firmly, if somewhat belatedly. They stopped the show.

There is great human drama in a murder trial. There is great and legitimate human interest in the prisoner, the chief actor, who has a part as great as any mortal man can be called upon to play, a part in which his life is involved.

But there is no excuse for investing such terrible drama with the atmosphere of a circus. Some elements of human decency must be expected from the audience.

If it is not there it must be instilled. The way to do it, we suggest, is for the police to take exceptional action with regard to the public right of entrance at all murder trials and others which attract the ghoulish type of spectator.

THESE hours-long queues should not be tolerated. It should not be beyond the wit of the authorities to devise some means whereby the sparse public accommodation in the galleries is slowly filled, and after that all crowds should be ruthlessly dispersed.

Without affecting one scrap of the right of the ordinary citizen to "see the King's justice done," they can and should take steps to end this disgraceful scandal of thrill-mongers holiday-making in the shadow of what may be another man's doom.

A Law That Makes Us All Feel Mad

WILL Sir Ernest Wild, the Recorder of London, shame the authorities into removing the cruellest and most senseless hardship of the lunacy law? We wish we could believe that this may be so. But we have striven for so long to obtain justice for the army of men, women and children who are victims of the lunacy law that we doubt whether this latest protest from the Bench will induce Parliament to do its duty.

The end of our campaign, unfortunately, is not yet in sight.

Girl captive

The case which provoked Sir Ernest's scathing comments is a further justification for our efforts to get the law amended.

It made him angry; it makes us all feel mad.

Appearing as a witness at the Old Bailey was a young woman who had been sent to a mental institution in 1931 for a year's treatment. She is still there—and she will not be examined again until 1937.

She may now be perfectly sane—it is noteworthy that she answered the Recorder's questions alertly and intelligently—but she is condemned to be cut off from relatives and friends, deprived of all liberty and stigmatised as mentally unsound, without chance of appeal.

Infamous system

A doctor admitted that patients were examined once a year for the first two years of their captivity, and then only after an interval of five years!

"That is the wickedness of it," Sir Ernest remarked. "For five years these wretched creatures have been kept there without any recent certification. I have previously dealt with this pernicious system. Can nothing be done about it?"

And the doctor replied, quite rightly, that it was the law.

M.P.s don't care

But imagine a law which ordained that anyone suffering from a bodily illness should not be examined by a doctor for five years! We know that Parliament would very quickly be forced to scrap it.

Unfortunately, M.P.s are allowed to ignore the plight of sufferers from mental illness, and to wink at an abominable law which should never have been passed.

So it is that an enormous number of people are detained in dreary mental institutions long after they have recovered from a temporary affliction.

Lucky girl

The girl who appeared in the Old Bailey witness-box was extremely fortunate. Sir Ernest Wild ordered her to be specially examined by two independent doctors to see if it was advisable to keep her in the institution any longer.

But for that one girl there are hundreds who have no such hope of release. They may say, like her: "I should like to get out as soon as I can"; the lunacy law orders that they shall wait for five years before the question can even be considered.

Restrain the law!

We say again that it is infamous to let an outworn law drag people off to asylums and imprison them for a long period of years while they need only temporary treatment.

It is the law itself that needs to be kept under restraint.

Uncle Arthur's best job

We are sorry to see that some hot-heads want to censure Mr. Arthur Henderson, when the Labour Party conference meets in October, for absenting himself from his post as Party secretary to preside over the Disarmament Con-

Man with a Load of Kindness Shock for Greedy Landlords



She is dragged off to an asylum for years—no wonder the judge protests

ference. They won't get much support, we imagine.

Mr. Henderson's task was the greatest facing the world. His work at Geneva will go down as one of the most gallant efforts in history to save civilisation from committing suicide.

Out of fashion

An effort to avoid civil bloodshed is the invitation of the Government to Labour and Liberal leaders to discuss political uniforms, illegal drilling and so on.

If our advice on this matter had been taken before, a good deal of trouble might have been averted.

Anyway it shouldn't take long to reach agreement on the best way of driving the Black, Red, and other coloured shirts of our fire-eating young men definitely out of fashion.

The sooner the better!

Overcrowding

It's also good to hear that overcrowding will soon be made illegal: that no longer will a family of eleven persons be herded into a single room to quote just one of the horrors we have frequently exposed.

Though it all depends on whether the Government builds enough houses to make overcrowding unnecessary.

Moreover, the Government should immediately tackle the evil of rent profiteering.

Rent shock

Some idea of the magnitude of this scandal can be gained from the fact that since Wandsworth set up its rent bureau it has helped over a thousand householders.

In some cases the landlord has been ordered to refund 6s. a week.

Let other councils follow Wandsworth's example. And let our readers remember that they can send their rent

the present average for the whole country.

Strike we like

But last week's strike at Usworth Colliery, Durham, wasn't for higher wages. The men stopped work as a protest against the overworking of pit ponies.

It is alleged that the poor brutes, being worked for sixteen hours without a break, were too fatigued to draw their heavy loads.

It may be an old custom to work them for two continuous shifts, but it's also a cruel custom.

And if unorthodox methods are necessary to abolish it we are not disposed to criticise.

The week's worst

What we must criticise is the week's most amazing story:

problems to JOHN BULL. We have recovered thousands of pounds for tenants since the Rent Acts came into operation.

Hell on earth

We all know what it has felt like to have the temperature at eighty degrees or so during the heat-wave.

But Mr. Tinker, the Lancashire miner M.P., has told Parliament that men are working 4,000 feet down in the deepest Lancashire pits with the temperature at 106.

Remember things like this when the miners say they ought to have more than a £2 wage—and that is

stage career on her own merits rather than those of her father, she came to England, living on milk and biscuits with money earned by selling razor blades when work was unobtainable!

Now she goes to Hollywood with a contract for a leading part in a film of Dickens' "Great Expectations." We hope she will find them speedily realised.

Load of kindness

Last week we suggested a national Week of Kindness. When it comes we hope there'll be plenty of people about like Mr. Harold Cohen, of Liverpool.

In return for the kindness shown to his family by fellow-citizens, he has sent a cheque for £100,000 to Liverpool University to provide a new library.

Maybe kindness should need no reward, but his gift which is intended to reward kindness will be rewarded in turn, let us hope, by a higher standard of culture. We know we could wish him no better result.

Without doubt

You have seen schoolgirls drilling in their little gym frocks. Have you ever thought that the frocks were ridiculous or indecent?

The managers of Greenholme School used the first description in a report to the Westmorland Education Committee; then a few wisecracks raised the question of "decency."

The very doubt seems indecent to me.

On the sands

But we have no brief for sunbathing at Lowestoft, who have outstepped the limits of decency and led to more severe beach restrictions.

As we said recently, other towns have been forced to make similar restrictions on bathing costumes in the interests of visitors and their children.

We can only hope that Lowestoft and the rest will soon be able to remove the regulations they have reluctantly imposed.

Pensions made safe

That reminds us that the Court of Appeal itself has turned a blind eye to the strict letter of the law, for which it deserves the thanks of thousands of people all over the country.

A judge had decided that a Liverpool Corporation office cleaner had lost her right to a pension owing to a slip in an Act of 1929. Since this affected an army of workers who were contributing towards a pension, the case was taken to the Appeal Court.

In a very sympathetic speech about the plight of the humble office cleaner, the Master of the Rolls declared that the judge had taken too severe a view of the law. Here's our thanks to him!

Grave libel

Another blow at an old fallacy is the news that Aberdeen folk pay their telephone bills with remarkable promptness. Never mind, the music-hall gibe about Aberdeenians' meanness will still survive, we guess, and we're pretty certain the inhabitants of the Granite City won't object.

But the Postmaster-General also reports that the Scots are slow to become 'phone subscribers. We're not surprised—haven't they always been cautious?

On the other hand, fewer Scots give up the 'phone once they've got it than English people. They know a good thing when they get it!

A case that failed

We recently criticised the Blackburn schoolmistress who won an action for slander brought by a pupil at an instructional centre because, at the time we were under the impression that she wrote on the blackboard "You are a demi-monde, the lowest class of women."

We now find that we were mistaken, and we wish to take this opportunity of apologising to her for our criticism and mis-statement.

The Fragrant Minute.

PATHMAKERS

SOMEONE began this footpath that winds through this lovely wood, and we who follow after would thank him, if we could; for had he not begun it, this path might not have been made, and we would not know the beauty of this sun-splashed shadowed glade.

Someone began a new path; in search of the truth was he. Endurance and courage was needed, he did it for you and for me. For had he perchance not begun it, in darkness we might have remained, and now we would like to thank him, for what, through him, we have gained.

Those who begin new pathways for ears, for eyes and for mind, deserve our thanks for, without them, we might be both deaf and blind; deaf and blind to all beauty, guided by no true plan—the beginning of a pathway is the noblest work of man.

Wilhelmina Stitch.

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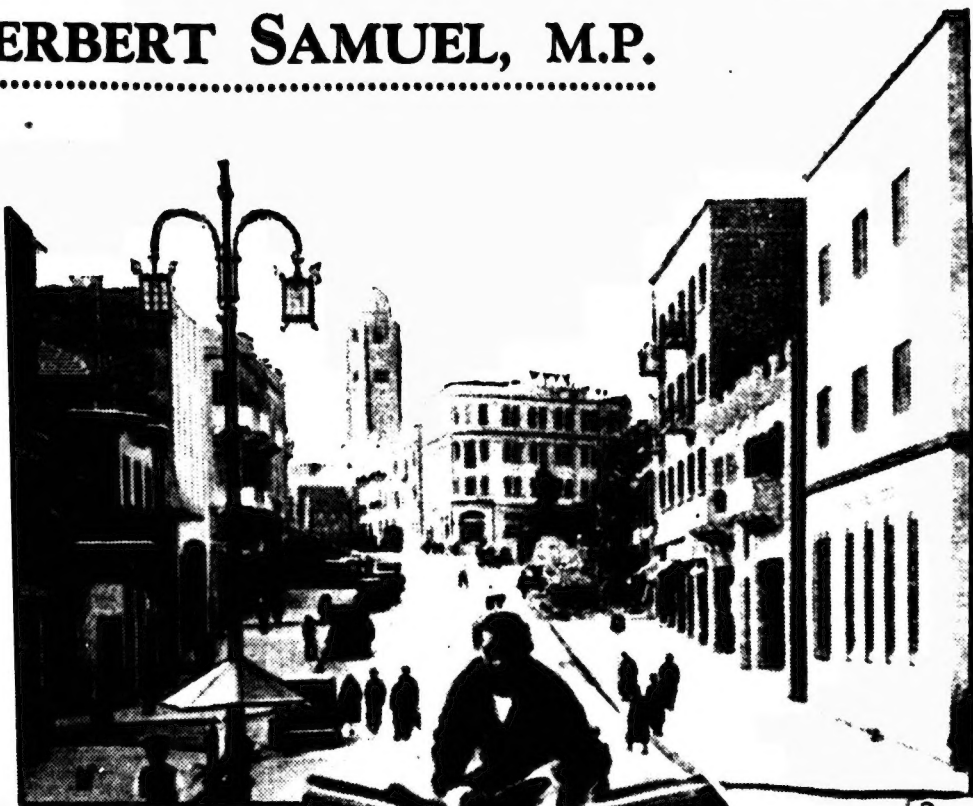
Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

The milky way

A struggle against adversity that ends very differently concerns Miss Carol Coombe, daughter of a rich Australian theatre magnate. Determined to make a

by the Rt. Hon. SIR HERBERT SAMUEL, M.P.

THE MIRACLE I saw IN Palestine



IN THIS ARTICLE Sir Herbert Samuel discusses the new miracle that is being worked in Palestine. No one is better qualified to do so, for he was the first High Commissioner for Palestine under the British Mandate. Here are his impressions on revisiting the country recently after an absence of nine years.

Would you have guessed? This is a new street in Jerusalem—as modern as Manhattan

WHEN I first saw Palestine in 1920 it was almost derelict. Centuries of Turkish government had reduced the country to a low ebb. Four years of war had brought it lower still.

The towns were untidy, insanitary, badly paved, unprogressing. The villages were poverty-stricken, heavily taxed, their inhabitants illiterate, their productivity small. The war had had one good result in improving somewhat the system of roads, but many of them were in disrepair, and the holes and the dust made travel a trial.

To-day, after fourteen years of British control and Jewish immigration, the change is extraordinary.

In that short period the population has almost exactly doubled. The public revenues have multiplied threefold—and this although the taxation of the cultivators has been greatly reduced. There is a surplus in the Budget each year and a reserve of £3,000,000 has been accumulated.

In the principal towns and in many of the villages new buildings are rising in every direction. Factories and workshops have been established in a surprising variety of industries. A great hydro-electric station on the Jordan furnishes power over the greater part of the country; it is already inadequate to supply the increasing demand and additional sources have quickly to be provided.

☆ ★ ☆

The cultivation of oranges—the principal agricultural product of the country—has multiplied eightfold in eleven years. In the despatching season there will sometimes be seen as many as twenty ships at a time in the roadstead of Jaffa loading with oranges.

Broad asphalted highways unite the principal centres, carrying a constant flow of motor coaches, cars and lorries. The tourist traffic has greatly expanded. There is practically no industrial unemployment. In many trades a skilled artisan has no difficulty in obtaining a wage of £1 a day, as there is an acute shortage of labour.

I remember the little town of Tel-Aviv, adjoining Jaffa on the north, as I saw it first in 1920. It had been founded, as an all-Jewish centre, only five years before the war on a stretch of sandy ground on which not a single house had stood. It was very proud then of having already reached a population of 4,000.

To-day the population is close on 100,000. The town covers two square miles, with long busy streets of shops and offices, and with additional houses under rapid construction on every side. Its town council is spending nearly £300,000 a year on municipal services, largely educational.

☆ ★ ☆

Palestine had no harbour. Passengers and goods had to be landed and shipped in the open roadsteads, or brought a day's railway journey from Egypt.

Now a fine harbour has been built at Haifa, protected by a mole over a mile long, and with broad quays and sidings, on a new frontage of land reclaimed from the sea. To this harbour comes the new oil pipe-line from Iraq. The oil

will be pumped across six hundred miles of desert, hill and valley until it finally pours into the holds of the tankers in the harbour.

Confident that she will soon become one of the principal ports in the Eastern Mediterranean, Haifa is rapidly widening her streets and building new suburbs along the plain and up the neighbouring slopes of Mount Carmel.

Jerusalem also is extending rapidly. Built on those hilltops whose names are household words over half the globe, Jerusalem has always been both helped and hindered by her situation; helped by its suitability in earlier times for defence, by its healthfulness and its beauty; hindered by the nigardly soil of the surrounding country and by the insufficiency of water for the needs of a large population.

Now the first of those difficulties has been overcome by the roads and the railway, which have made the whole country compact; and the second is at last being effectively dealt with by a scheme of water supply which is ambitious in its thoroughness. Within a few months from now, from a river in the plain 2,500 feet below and forty miles away, an ample and perennial supply of excellent water will be pumped into the pipes and cisterns of Jerusalem.

☆ ★ ☆

The shores of the Dead Sea were a scene of desolation unrelieved—no inhabitants, no animal life, no vegetation—a solitary waste.

It had long been known that the salty waters were impregnated with chemicals, of great value for agricultural fertilisers and for various commercial purposes. A company has secured a concession for the working of these products, paying a fair royalty to the public purse.

The climate there is hot, as the Dead Sea lies in the great rift of the Jordan Valley, 1,200 feet below the level of the Mediterranean. The heat, however, is of service in the manufacturing process, for the water is pumped into great artificial lagoons, which cover some two square miles, and the potash and other salts are recovered by evaporation—the only instance in the world of the application of this process for these products.

It is strange in this region, recently so remote and solitary and weird, to see now the great sheds of the chemical works, with their engines and all the elaborate machinery of the refineries, and to watch more than four hundred workers (60 per cent. Jews and 40 per cent. Arabs) actively engaged in the various processes. Blocks of flats have been built for their housing, widely open to the south and the north, so that the breezes from the sea blow through. In spite of the heat, the workers seem healthy and contented.

Further developments, and on a scale six

times as large, are now being undertaken at the southern end of the lake; before long Palestine will be one of the world's principal sources of supply for potash.

☆ ★ ☆

I have revisited some of the Jewish agricultural villages which have been founded in Palestine during the last fifty years, and in increasing numbers during the last fifteen. They have had their difficulties, and for some of them here and there prosperity is still to seek. But these are exceptions. The vast majority are successful, and many, especially in the orange belt, very prosperous.

The agriculture is at a high level; it is guided by a series of scientific institutions—establishments for research, the laboratories of the new Hebrew University at Jerusalem, agricultural training school, both for men and for women, experimental stations in various parts of the country.

They are a people who take naturally to co-operative methods. Co-operative bodies of all kinds, for buying and selling, for building and financing, are widespread among the Jewish population of Palestine. In a number of cases the whole colony is owned and managed as a single unit co-operatively.

In other cases it consists of an association of small farmers. In both these types of colony hired labour is discouraged and the employer wage-earner relationship excluded as a matter of principle.

☆ ★ ☆

One question which will present itself to many minds, is whether these rapid modern developments may not have spoilt the old attraction of Palestine as a Holy Land, as a place of pilgrimage, as a place of religious resort and of calm contemplation on the things of the spirit.

Pains have been taken to leave unchanged all the sacred sites and not to vulgarise the sacred associations. Bethlehem, Nazareth, the old city of Jerusalem within the ambit, still complete, of its ancient walls; the places of religious appeal on the shores of the Sea of Gallilee and on the banks of the Jordan—all these are unchanged.

And whatever the present may bring or the future have in store, the Past, the illustrious spiritual history of Palestine—that cannot change.



The BIGGEST

The Italian conqueror "Rex" — the Ship that Obeyed Mussolini—reaches America in record time on her maiden voyage and wins the blue riband of the Atlantic

SINCE the merger of the great Cunard and White Star shipping lines was recently ratified and Clydeside awoke again to activity where the skeleton of the giant Cunarder towers above the water-front, a new chapter has opened in a struggle which is now to be fought more bitterly than ever before.

It is the battle for shipping supremacy. Five nations—Britain, Germany, the United States, France and Italy—are preparing for that struggle to-day—a struggle more important than ever before because each country needs the income shipping success brings.

It will be a battle to catch the imagination—one that already is talked, debated, quoted and sometimes fought over in all the ports of the Seven Seas, and that forms a perennial source of discussion wherever they meet who "go down to the sea in ships and have business in great waters," whether their meeting place be the public bar of a waterside tavern on Merseyside, or the dignified historic Captains' Room at Lloyd's.

But much more than sailors' talk and seamen's pride is concerned in this present battle. Governments have entered the lists, national prestige is involved—and many millions of pounds.

For what are they fighting? What is the prize of victory?

The Prize

The battle is for the blue riband of the Atlantic—the speed record for the crossing between Europe and the United States, which means so much more than just a record—which has carried with it in the past and may well carry with it in the future, shipping prosperity for the nation that wins.

We must look back across the years of salt water history, turn over the records of statesmanship and high finance and technical ingenuity and the less public but no less important records of the skill and endurance of many thousands of ordinary anonymous workers who built and sailed the ships which are the stars of our story, before we can see in their right perspective the dry financial details of the Cunard-White Star merger, observe against its proper background

the vast framework of the new Cunarder, or understand the true significance of the struggle now beginning.

The Cunard-White Star merger is backed by the financial support of the British Government to the tune of £9,500,000 in all, and it is engaged in building both the fastest and largest ship in the world, the *Britannia*, as the giant ship on Clydeside has now been named. That is an honoured name, for it was that of the first Cunard ship, a tiny paddle steamer which started the first regular transatlantic steam packet service nearly 100 years ago. Later there is to be a sister ship equally large and equally powerful.

Fight is On

But the British bid is not to go unchallenged. Dictator Mussolini and Dictator Hitler have both issued commands that the fight for the Atlantic prize is to be regarded as one of national prestige in which their respective countries must come first.

President Roosevelt, in the midst of his fight with the forces of financial depression and economic and political disorder in the United States, has managed to spare time to pledge his Government's support for a similar attempt by American shipping.

France, faced with increasing trade depression, with heavy reductions in salaries of Civil Servants, can yet find the funds for huge subsidies to French shipping lest they should fall behind in the race.

So the battle begins, the outcome of which will depend ultimately upon the skill of the shipyard workers of each of these five countries and upon that of the picked men of their mercantile marine.

As one regards the struggle for the supremacy of the Atlantic, the whole pageant of modern shipping passes before one's eyes.

It was in 1862 that a British ship startled the world by doing the Atlantic crossing from Queenstown to New York in under nine days for the first time in

history. The name of that ship was the *Scotia*, and her size was 3,871 tons, against 70,000 tons of the Clydeside giant now being built.

To-day the *Scotia* seems but a tiny midget of a ship, but in her time she was the wonder of the world. She held the record for seven years, only to fall at last to an even smaller ship, the *City of Brussels*, of only 3,061 tons, which did the crossing in eight days.

So the fight went on—a friendly rivalry between British ships—until 1897, when Germany, fighting hard for maritime supremacy, entered the lists with the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, of 14,349 tons, and later with a new wonder ship, the *Deutschland*, of 16,502 tons, which in 1903 did the crossing from Cherbourg in just under five and a half days.

But in London and Liverpool, on Clydeside and Tyneside, the progress of Germany was being watched. The directors of the Cunard Company set their hearts on winning back the Atlantic prize, and after careful planning placed an order with the famous Tyneside shipbuilding firm of Swan Hunter for what was to prove one of the great ships of all time—the *Mauretania*, which entered the fight in 1909 and held the Atlantic record for twenty-two years.

Anxious Eyes

Meanwhile, high finance had entered the battle. The United States, looking with anxious eyes upon the superiority of European shipping countries, decided to enter the lists, and did it not by building new ships herself, but by calling to her aid the millions of the great Wall Street House of J. P. Morgan, the most powerful private banking firm in the world.

Morgans, looking round for an easy

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way to shipping success, bought control of the famous British fleet, the White Star Line, founded some sixty-five years or so ago by a great British shipowner, Thomas Henry Ismay, and now by a curious irony of circumstances merged with the Cunard in the latest move in the shipping war.

Then, after the Great War, as Germany, France and Italy climbed back to a more settled situation, they began to plan for a new attack on the Atlantic.

Reports of plans for new liners began to be heard and at the same time British interests decided upon the big step of trying to win back for Britain the control of the famous White Star Line.

These negotiations were as dramatic as anything in the recent

history of Atlantic shipping. They seemed at first likely to lead to the entry into the Atlantic passenger service of a great British shipping group when had previously not concerned itself with that type of shipping—Furness, Withy and Co.

There were several meetings in New York and London between Lord Esmond—then Sir Frederick William Lewis—head of Furness, Withy, and Mr. P. A. S. Franklin, president of the International Mercantile Marine, the American controllers with the financial backing of J. P. Morgan, of the White Star Line.

£7,000,000 Deal

The transatlantic cables buzzed and at last a deal was arranged—only to be upset at the eleventh hour by the unexpected objection of the Bank of England.

England had gone back to the Gold Standard and Mr. Montagu Norman, concerned as ever more with financial than industrial interests, decided that the transfer of many millions of pounds to the United States in payment for the White Star fleet would upset the changes.

He issued what virtually amounted to a ban on the deal and it had to be called off amidst a chorus of unavailing protests from the Press and public.

And then just when British shipping people were resigning themselves to the fact that one of the most famous of British shipping lines was to remain under foreign control because of the Bank of England's autocratic decision a new figure emerged on the scene—Lord Kylsant, head of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, controller of the largest single shipping group in the world, who a few years later was to be the central figure in a dramatic and tragic collapse leading to loss to many thousands to shareholders and to a term of imprisonment for himself.

While the breaking of the Furness-Withy negotiations by Mr. Montagu Norman's decree was still being discussed Lord Kylsant had stepped in and arranged to buy the fleet for a total of £7,000,000, some of which was to be paid out of

SEA BATTLE of all TIME



—WHO
will
WIN IT?

Britain's challenger, "Britannia"—the new Cunarder, as she will look when she takes the water

assets the Royal Mail possessed abroad, thus getting over the Bank of England's objection, while the balance was to be paid in instalments over a number of years.

With the return of the White Star line to British control the battle for Atlantic supremacy began again in earnest.

Plans for the building of a new giant White Star liner were announced, and immediately in Germany, France, Italy and the United States shipping leaders hurriedly together to produce new plans for preventing a permanent consolidation of the British position in the Atlantic trade.

As might have been expected, the United States produced the most audacious scheme, involving a total expenditure of £50,000,000 on fast ships which would cut the time taken in the transatlantic service by nearly a day. But although the United States has talked big in shipping, she has actually achieved little.

It soon became evident, indeed, that Britain's biggest rival was to be, as before the war, Germany. The big North German Lloyd Co. got to work immediately on two 46,000-ton liners, the *Europa* and *Bremen*, built largely on money borrowed from the United States and planned on a new model to oust the *Mauretania* from the leadership she had held so long.

In August, 1929, the first of these liners, the *Bremen*, sailed on her maiden trip across the Atlantic after elaborate hush-hush speed trials.

Her departure was the occasion for a wild outburst of patriotic fervour in which huge crowds of German people took part, while her progress across the Atlantic was broadcast to every station in Germany. She lived up to her builders' expectations and smashed the *Mauretania*'s record, making the crossing from Cherbourg to New York in 10 days 18 hours and 17 minutes.

Bad Luck, France!

Determined to consolidate their position, the Germans went one better with the *Europa*, and the Cunard Co. laid down the keel for a new Cunarder.

But British hopes of an early regaining of the Atlantic riband were smashed by the growing financial crisis which forced the Cunard to suspend building because financiers in the City of London who had lent large sums of money to Germany were unwilling to take up the bills of the Cunard Co. issued to provide funds for building the new liner.

France entered the shipping list only

to be crushed by an amazing succession of misfortunes, during which her two greatest liners, first the *Georges Philippa*, and, secondly, the £3,000,000 *l'Atlantique*, were destroyed by fire amid outspoken suggestions of incendiaryism by the French Press and Members of Parliament.

It remained for Italy to make, under the direct orders of Mussolini, a sensational and successful attempt to oust Germany from her position.

Dictator's Ship

Mussolini issued a command that a new Italian liner, the *Rex*, was to be built, capable not only of beating the records of the *Europa* and the *Bremen*, but of setting such a standard that she would be able to hold supremacy for several years.

The *Rex* was built, and on her maiden trip broke down. Immediately Mussolini, in true dictatorial fashion, dismissed the board of directors of the company concerned and appointed a new board with the curt command, "There is something wrong with the *Rex*. Find out what it is and put it right. She must get the blue riband."

The new directors, conscious that if they failed they would be dismissed without consideration, called in engineers and designers, and, working night and day, set to work to repair defects in

the Italian luxury liner. Again she was declared to be ready to sail, and this time Mussolini's command proved effective.

On her maiden trip under the new control she smashed all previous records for the Atlantic crossing and reached New York from Gibraltar in 4 days 13 hours and 15 minutes, 28 hours ahead of the previous schedule for that run, having averaged 28.92 knots for the crossing.

For the moment the Italian record stands. But it seems unlikely to stand for long.

The British Government's decision to finance the restarting of work on the new Cunarder following the merger of the Cunard-White Star fleets has shown the world that Britain has at last definitely decided to re-enter the fight. The French Government has provided substantial subsidies for the building of new French liners, the United States is making arrangements for the bringing back into service of the *Leviathan*, the second largest ship in the world, and the building of sister ships to support her in a fast transatlantic service.

Hitler Tries, too

Hitler, modelling himself on his brother dictator in Italy, has ordered special trials to be made of the *Bremen* and the *Europa* with a view to reconditioning them in order that they can beat not only the record of the Italian liner, *Rex*, but also stand up to the challenge

of the new British ship when she is finished.

These speed tests suggest that the speed of both ships can be increased by about two knots, though that increase will mean a total daily fuel bill for the ship of £2,500, or about £700 a day more than at present. If, as seems probable, the Cunarder will be able to exceed this speed, Hitler has issued instructions for the laying down of the keels of two new vessels of a revolutionary type.

Titanic Struggle

For with the decline in her export trade the maintenance of shipping success has become essential to Germany's economic life. She badly needs the income from her Atlantic shipping services, and experience has proved that passengers flock to the line which holds the speed record.

The stage is set, therefore, for a titanic struggle during the next few years. Who will emerge successful?

Judging from the results of secret trials of an exact model of the Cunard-White Star liner in the closely guarded laboratory in John Brown's shipyard in Clydebank, and from the long record of British skill in building the best ships in the world, Britain's chance is a good one.

Indeed, one may say with confidence that, despite the German, French, Italian and American challenge, it will not be long before a British ship once again wins the blue riband of the Atlantic.

Homely Wisdom by
Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

HAVE you ever tried, reader, to listen to a voluble person stating a grievance, or more often an interminable succession of grievances—for the tale is almost certain to grow in the telling? I have done so over and over again, and there is no affliction that I dislike more.

Dean Inge pungently says that numbers of people exist who appear to suffer from a rush of words to the mouth, and that for some mysterious reason women are specially liable to be thus affected.

Not all women, one is thankful to say; for I have known men as garrulous and spiteful as any woman could possibly be. When a bore of this sort of either sex gets hold of you, you are to be pitied.

Is anything more exhausting than to listen to an egotistic monologue delivered at such a rapid pace that the words tumble over one another, the one unvarying theme being the virtues of the speaker and the wickedness of some other person or persons against whom the diatribe is directed?

You emerge from such a visitation like a limp rag, your head singing, your nerves on edge from the battering of that

whirlwind of speech, and you vow that never again will you be such a fool as to be cornered by a monomaniac with a heart full of hate and a rooted belief that he or she is the victim of wrongs which it is your bounden duty to set right.

There may be some ground for the accusation they bring against the absent or the grievance in which they wish to interest you, but it is always exaggerated; the case is always distorted, sometimes out of all proportion to the facts, by the monstrous self-love of the principal party concerned. You cannot trust the one-sided description of it which you are sure to get. And when there are two of a sort at daggers drawn, God help the would-be mediator. He is likely to find himself denounced by both before very long.

Then there is the complacent self-admiration with which they repel every attempt to mitigate the alleged culpability of the other side! If these habitual squabblers had a glimmer of humour, which they never have, they would see how absurd their pretensions are.

"But, sir (or madam, as the case may be), the persons of whom you complain

RECRIMINATIONS

have never said a word against you," you gently protest.

"Never said a word against me!" is the instant retort. "I should think not indeed! How could they say a word against me? They could say nothing but good of me. I will defy anyone to lay anything discreditable to my charge; I have lived a respectable life, as everybody who knows me will tell you. I am highly thought of by my neighbours, as I have every right to be."

And so on, with wearisome iteration, goes the torrent of self-praise.

Rarely do such people dream of the poor figure they cut in the eyes of their acquaintances. People who hate to hear others praised, and have something to say against nearly everybody they meet, command neither sympathy nor respect. They are unhappy themselves and they breed unhappiness.

There is but one golden rule for dealing with them, and that is to refuse to listen to their vitriolic utterances except in the presence of their victims or at least of other witnesses. And say not one word that can be construed as condemnation of another behind his back.

AN OPEN LETTER to the Chairman of the Nursing Council

DEAR MISS MUSSON,—You cannot have become chairman of the General Nursing Council of England and Wales without knowing that there are nothing like enough nurses to staff our hospitals adequately. And you must know the reasons for that, too—I don't need to tell you no one but a heroine will stick to nursing under present conditions.

No wonder Dr Edwin Smith, the Hammersmith coroner, remarked the other day that "the question of the adequacy of nursing staffs should be looked into."

Of course it should be looked into. Haven't I been warning the authorities for years that the noblest of all professions for women is scandalously underpaid and overworked? More than ever we need to-day immediate action to relieve an intolerable situation. Can't you do something to help?

Dr. Smith was holding an inquest upon an infant who pushed his head between the bars of a cot at Hammersmith Hospital and was suffocated before the one nurse in charge of twenty-eight beds was able to succour him. No blame whatever could be attached to that nurse. She was being asked to do the impossible.

There has been a succession of similar tragedies. Swabs have been sewn into operation wounds; wrong drugs have sometimes been administered by cruelly overworked sisters; patients have been parched with thirst and could not get a drink.

You and I both know that these blunders are attributable to existing conditions; not to the devoted women who carry on so splendidly in spite of them.

What impels me to write to you now is that a medical witness at the Hammersmith inquest said, quite truly, that the hospital had a full complement of nurses "as laid down by the Nursing Council." But I understand, of course, that you can do no more than advise minimums. You draw a kind of "Plimsoll line." The hospital ships may founder if they overload their nursing staffs beyond that limit.

Don't you think, Miss Musson, that the safety margin is too slender? Don't you realise that, though one nurse may be able to hurry from cot to cot in a ward of twenty-eight beds when things

YOURS is a LIFE-or-DEATH PROBLEM

are normal, yet she can't meet exceptional emergencies when there are so many patients in her sole charge?

These are what is known as "rhetorical questions." For I know you do realise these things, are doing your best with what is often a life-or-death problem. For that is what it amounts to when there aren't enough nurses to go round.

What is the reason for the shortage?

Hospital nurses are not paid a reasonable wage. Young women of good education who come from pleasant homes are expected to work for less salary than an untrained domestic servant. During the first year they may be paid anything from £12 to £40. The latter figure is exceptional. Twenty pounds a year for probationers seems to be a fair average.

Staff nurses, trained and experienced, may earn from £50 to £65 a year.

But girls who love the work would not be frightened away from it by low wages alone. Underpayment is the smaller part of this scandal. The nurses are worked far too hard. In two-thirds of voluntary hospitals they are on duty thirteen, fourteen, and even fifteen hours a day.

And even that is not the worst of it. They have hours of hard study to put in on top of their heavy duty work. And, above all, they have to submit to a discipline which no other body of working women or men would tolerate for an instant.

You know, of course, that even senior

sisters in many hospitals are not allowed a latch-key; that in many others smoking is forbidden; that men guests are not allowed; that probationers have to be in by ten o'clock even on a night off, and that, almost throughout the

profession, all young nurses have to put up with constant inspections and reprimands and interference such as would drive an ordinary schoolgirl to mutiny.

Dr. Jane Hawthorne, the Harley Street specialist, declared emphatically some time ago that, if she had her time over again, nothing would induce her to take up nursing, because nurses are treated "more like irresponsible children than women."

That, my dear Miss Musson, is another reason why there are not enough nurses to go round.

I have one other word to say to you as chairman of the Nursing Council. It is this: Don't be bullied by the economists who tell you that the hospitals can't afford adequate staffs. For the truth is that they can't afford not to have them.

We live in an age of false economy. I have every sympathy with the voluntary hospitals. I know their gallant fight to carry on under tremendous financial difficulties.

But I tell you that sweating is never excusable even in the cause of charity. Reasonable pay, reasonable hours of



work, a responsibility that can be coped with even in emergency, and reasonable liberty are essential to the nursing profession.

Don't draw your "Plimsoll line" too low. If your Council has the power, then raise your minimums. Insist on bigger staffs. Turn a deaf ear to the chorus of: "Impossible; we can't afford it!" Force the country and the Government to realise that we must give the nurses a fair deal.

For there is not one of us who does not owe a debt of gratitude to the forty-four thousand women who have taken up this noble work.

The debt has been ignored far too long.

JOHN BULL

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Rt. Hon. Sir KINGSLEY WOOD,
Postmaster-General

DEAR SIR KINGSLEY,—The enterprise you have shown in your job has been rewarded by record profits, but what pleases the public equally well is that you are going to discuss better wages for the worst-paid Post Office workers.

Now, I want to suggest that you carry your enterprise a stage further. I want you to realise that your staff as a whole is poorly paid, and that this means bad business for the country.

So don't restrict your consideration to cases of hardship among the poorest workers. See that wages are raised for all those who get less than £3 a week and you will carve a big step in the nation's climb to prosperity.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. EDWARD SHACKLETON,
S.S. "Signalthorn"—by Wireless

DEAR LAD,—I wish you Godspeed with all the more warmth because I remember your father as a great explorer and gentleman.

He conquered the Antarctic; you have sailed with five companions to penetrate the Arctic—a notable endeavour for a young man of twenty-two.

May you succeed in planting the Duke of York's Union Jack far within the polar wastes!

JOHN BULL.

THE EDUCATION COMMITTEE,
Lancashire

GENTLEMEN,—Motherhood gives a woman experience that is helpful to her in many careers. But the suggestion that whenever a married woman teacher

is about to have a baby she should withdraw from duty three months before the event till six months afterwards—on the usual pay for personal illness—seems absurdly over-generous.

How many other women could have motherhood on such terms?

JOHN BULL.

JUDGE LONGSON: You condemn spending compensation money on extravagant funerals for accident victims. Yes, it's neither respectful to dead nor fair to the living.—JOHN BULL.

THE MAGISTRATES,
Portmadoc

YOUR WORSHIPS,—Your fine of 36s. on John Ellis Williams, of Chilwog—especially as he gave two false addresses to the police—almost makes brutality a cheap game, for he had kicked a kitten about like a football.

Why on earth didn't you kick him a little harder?

JOHN BULL.

Councillor J. J. HUMPHRIES,
Mayor of Newport, Mon.

DEAR MR. MAYOR,—Were I one of the secondary schoolboys you addressed the other day, you would be one of my heroes.

Recalling that you had to leave school before you were nine, you told how you attended evening classes in later years to help teach your children.

That was a chapter from the book of life of which you must be proud to be the author.

JOHN BULL.

Alderman R. TWEEDY-SMITH,
Mayor of Southend

DEAR SIR,—I am glad Southend is determined that its new "Beauty Queen" shall not be exploited, and has forbidden her to appear in advertising roles.

What is at first a charming idea—the choice of a pretty girl to represent a town—becomes just vulgar when she is hired by some shopkeeper as a mannequin or saleswoman.

I hope other councils will follow your lead and that your great carnival week, from August 20 to August 26, will be more successful this year than ever.

JOHN BULL.

Councillor W. H. BREADIN,
Blyth, Northumberland

DEAR SIR,—This is death to the lot of you; wait until the November elections! you shouted when, having tied yourself to a chair and obstructed a council meeting, police were called to eject you.

Well, I am sorry your Communist principles led you to behave like a self-important schoolboy. And remember that your cause suffers in consequence.

JOHN BULL.

"BROWN JACK,"
Wroughton, Wilts

DEAR WARRIOR,—You are such a wise old horse that I shouldn't be surprised if you are able to read this.

You may never race again, but it is stated that if you make it plain you want to race again, you may race.

So, old 'un, make it plain that you still want to hear the saddling bell and

feel the tightening of girths. I'm looking forward to your usual success at Ascot next season.

JOHN BULL.

The URBAN COUNCIL,
Stone, Staffs.

GENTLEMEN,—Last week I told how young people in your town have no playing field, though there is an open space that might easily provide one.

I am glad to hear a petition is being organised to the owners, the Charity Commissioners, and is likely to get your support. It is one they can't ignore if there is any real charity about them.

JOHN BULL.

Driver CUNNINGHAM,
5th Prince of Wales Volunteers

DEAR CUNNINGHAM,—You leapt on the back half of an Army limber when the horse bolted, swarmed along the pole, connecting it with the front half, jumped on the horse's back and, when the pole snapped, were thrown under the swaying vehicle—escaping death by a miracle.

I'm glad that in the Army, as in civil life, peace has its heroes as well as war.

JOHN BULL.

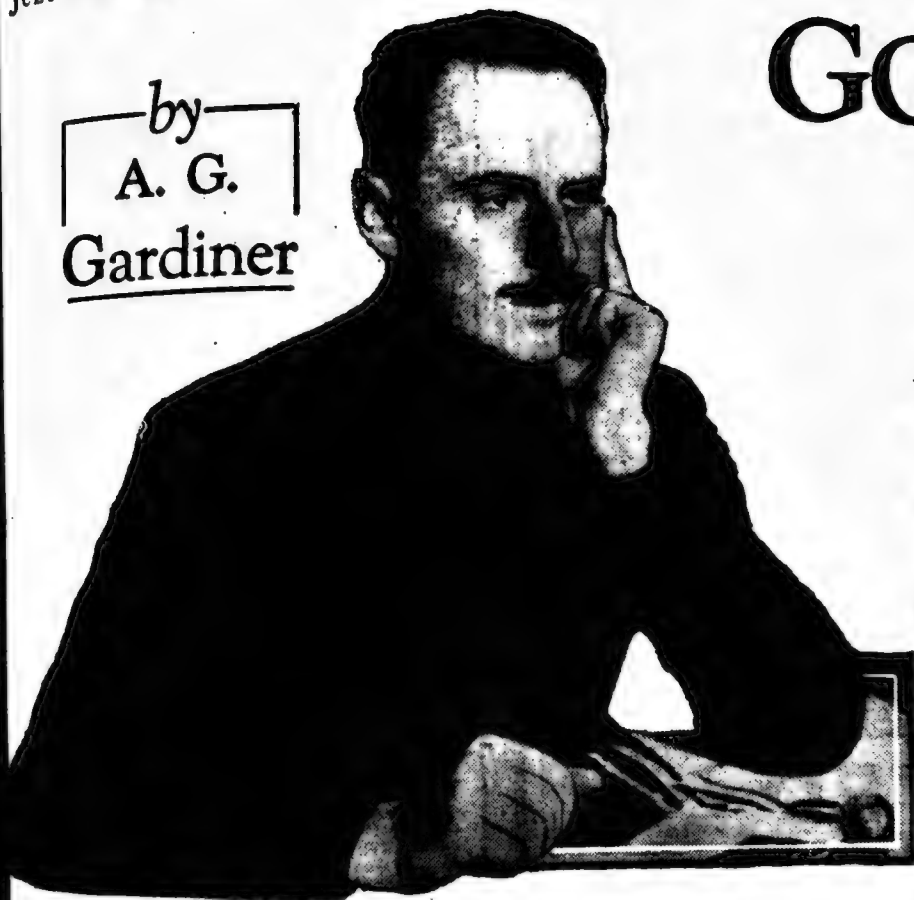
Lt.-Col. A. H. L. MOUNT,
Ministry of Transport

DEAR COLONEL,—Our railways are the safest in the world. Last year, your report, only six passengers were killed in train accidents.

That is a tribute not only to the splendid organisation of British roads, but to the careful service of the great army of railwaymen.

JOHN BULL.

by
A. G.
Gardiner



"He realises that he must prepare to trek to other political pastures"

GOOD ADVICE

from Lord Rothermere

carried out under the personal auspices of the dictator himself, that made the blood of the civilised world run cold. This, then, was what happened when liberty was destroyed and the tyranny of a dictator usurped the power of a free Parliament.

Nowhere did the lesson of that terrific episode go home more vividly than here. I said in these columns a fortnight ago that Hitler had killed Fascism in this country in a night, and Sir Oswald

Mosley's poor floundering apology for his Black Shirts is proof that he knows that the cult of dictatorship is dead, past resurrection.

Listen to his mild accents: "We seek power by legal and constitutional means in the capture of a Parliamentary majority at a General Election. . . . This is not tyranny, because the people will place the Government in power and the Parliament they have elected will be able to dismiss the Government by vote of censure if it abuses that power."

But if this is all to be aimed at, why all this Black Shirt fustian, this mobilising of armies, this hammering at open doors? If the capture of Parliament by constitutional means is what Mosley wants, what stands in his way? He is free to put up his candidates without let or hindrance. So far he has not put up one!

The reason is obvious. There is not a constituency in the country where a Black Shirt candidate could secure election. I would go further. I doubt whether there is a constituency in the country in which, if Sir Oswald himself were candidate, he would not forfeit his deposit. That indicates what the country thinks of the Fascist cause.

If it is any comfort to him, it is equally true that there is hardly a constituency in the country where a Communist would not have to forfeit his deposit, too. The fact is that there is no market here for revolutionaries or prospective dictators of any brand.

If Sir Oswald does not want to be left high and dry with the decaying corpse of Fascism he had better take Lord Rothermere's advice and seek a refuge under the old umbrella of Parliamentary Toryism. He might still have a modest future there. As a pinchbeck Mussolini he has none.

which has no purpose except that of keeping Sir Oswald Mosley in the lime-light. It is only Sir Oswald's defunct New Party dressed in a new shirt—"the old dog in a new coat," as Dr. Johnson would say.

That is the view of it which we are now asked to accept. It is to be Fascism with its teeth drawn and its claws cut—a nice tame old lion stuffed with straw that would not and could not hurt a fly, except perhaps a Semitic fly. And even that it would not "persecute." It would only "not relax its attitude" towards it.

The explanation of this change of front is simple. The English are a tolerant and unsuspecting people. They are so accustomed to liberty that they cannot easily conceive that it is in danger.

Appalling lesson

But two events have awakened them. The first was the Olympia scandal in which they first saw Fascism in action at home. That shocked them out of their easy-going indifference to Sir Oswald and his Black Shirts. They began to look up and ask where this sort of political warfare, with its private armies and its rubber truncheons and armoured cars was leading us.

Then came the flash of lightning that lit up the German landscape three weeks ago. Hitherto the ruthless barbarities incident to dictatorship, whether in Soviet Russia or Fascist Italy or Nazi Germany, had been only dimly appreciated.

But here was a midnight butchery,

liament," he says in one sentence. "But a Black Shirt majority will certainly confer upon the Government the complete power of action," he says in the next. He denies that he aims at dictatorship; but the Black Shirts will represent the "dictatorship of the will of the people."

"We have given our pledge that no racial or religious persecution will occur under Fascism in Britain," but "We do not admit Jews to membership of our Movement," and "We certainly are not prepared to relax our attitude towards the Jews."

In this attempt to keep the Fascist flag flying in one hand and to haul it down with the other, Sir Oswald shows how desperate a case he is in. Either Fascism means dictatorship or it means nothing. If it means dictatorship it means all the hideous cruelties, outrages and denials of freedom which it has meant in Italy, in Germany, in Russia, and in every country where it has been adopted.

If it does not mean dictatorship, then it is nothing more than an imposture. It is a foolish foreign name, with foolish foreign gestures, for another party

Not from the B.B.C.—Sir Max Pemberton defends—

THERE is Virtue in The Old School Tie!
Though bounders at the sight of it may jeer,
I shall never cease to laud it,
And revere it and applaud it,
Even when the owner's plainly "on his ear!"

There is beauty in those lengths of silk
Which to a (sometimes) scornful world proclaim
That a fellow's been to Eton
And (though very often beaten)
Has been taught (if nothing else) to
"play the game!"

Yes, always will the Old School Tie
Have magic value in life's hectic race,
Since it proves at once the wearer
Has rare qualities—much rarer
Than you'd guess at just by looking
at his face!

Although since the far-away days when
I thrilled schoolboys with "The Iron
Pirate" I may have lost some of my
capacity for writing shockers, I have not
lost my capacity for being shocked.

And if there is one thing that shocks me more than another it is the growing tendency to regard a public school tie as being no more evidence of merit than a public-house nose. This, as I have proclaimed in the Press, is because "The illiterate have no title to these distinctions, so they abhor them."

The illiterate, I asserted, resent that we "should betray the fact that we have had any education at all"—a remark which has called forth the caddish rejoinder that

many wearers of old school ties are remarkably successful in not betraying this fact.

One bounder wants to know whether I class among the illiterate all those—including Cabinet Ministers, K.C.s, and leading authors—who have not been to a public school.

I do not necessarily go as far as this, but I certainly resent the theory that not even by a display of the humblest ribbon shall we be permitted to proclaim to the world that we do not spell "Eton" with an "h."

At a time when proletarian flappers flaunt what they call the "Eton" crop, and the Harrow boater is associated in the public mind with the headwear favoured at Smithfield Market, it is necessary to cling to some symbol which will distinguish the old public school boy from outside cads.

A misplaced enthusiasm for drab equality, supposed to have been won on the battlefields of Flanders must not cause us to overlook distinctions sacred to the playing-fields of Eton.

However much the ignorant and illiterate may object, I, for one, refuse to bow to my inferiors for fear of being thought "superior." After all, leadership (as distinct from plebeian attainments like the three r's) is one of the few things taught at public schools, so for heaven's sake let us lead!

The Old School Tie

The world of to-day is a place drab and grey

Where bounders abound by the dozens—
Plain cads of the kind who, we very soon find,
Are nobody's nephews or cousins!

We can journey for miles and see ties of all styles—

Crude puce and horrible yellows!—
But never a tie which calls forth the glad cry:

"Hullo! there is one of our fellows!"

In taking a walk, one might see Epstein stalk

The Park or with Ramsay Mac tarry;
See H. G. Wells jaw with his friend
Bernard Shaw;

Catch glimpses of Coward and of Barrie.

And yet in this crowd, of whom England is proud

(Small wonder our outlook is narrow!)
You would not descry even one old school tie,

For none's been to Eton or Harrow!

As author, perhaps, I don't equal these chaps,

But my necktie, thank heaven! is dyed a

Rich colour which tells that (unlike Shaw and Wells)

At least I am not an outsider!

Contradictions

This is good, sound doctrine. I could wish to see the case against Fascism stated. If one is left wondering, with these wholesome convictions, and Rothermere has given the backing of the Daily Mail to the Black Shirts, the answer seems to be that he hoped, having sown his wild oats and polluted the insurgent youth of the country, Sir Oswald would shepherd him into the Conservative fold to rejoin the Die Hard wing of that Party. He can entertain that hope with misgiving confidence after Sir Oswald's wonderful document, in which every sentence is at loggerheads with the next. One breath he declares that the Black Shirts stand for the Corporate State, in the next he waters down the Corporate State until it means just nothing.

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FRAUDS of a MISSING BRIDEGROOM

SOMEWHERE in a secret "dug-out" of his own devising lurks a very ungallant military man—in hiding.

He has retired in disorder from the field of his latest offensive; leaving in his train a considerable number of casualties.

He calls himself "Major Bertie White," late of the Royal Artillery, and the town of his latest outrageous activities is Bournemouth.

Many people have been victimised by him, but the chief sufferer is a young woman whom he promised to marry.

Our investigations into his heartless roguery enable us to reveal that Major White descended on Bournemouth, out of the blue, with little more than his own fertile imagination to commend him.

He took lodgings, made friends quickly and later commenced his fraudulent enterprise.

What romantic stories he told the people he met! One was a remarkable narrative about his war-time experiences.

During the war—so he said—when he was a non-commissioned officer in the Royal Artillery—his duties were concerned with wireless telegraphy.

In connection with that work, he secretly decoded a cypher message from Germany, which gave the information of a projected Zeppelin raid on the East Coast.

As a result of that intercepted message Major White was always a little hazy on details—one or two of the Zeppelins were shot down, and he was awarded a special pension as a commendation.

His historical anecdotes did not always hang together.

For example, at one time he would mention that he had command of a battalion in France during the war, and at another that he received his commission at the end of the war, and retired with the rank of major in 1932.

His Declaration

About one thing, however, he was always insistent. That was that his pension as a retired major was paid quarterly into his bank at Bournemouth, and, in addition, he drew his special "Zeppelin award pension" each week on an Army pension book which was marked "Sergeant-Major White, Royal Garrison Artillery."

Bournemouth—said Major Bertie White on more than one occasion—was the finest place he had ever known. He liked the town so much, he declared, that he would never leave it until he was carried out feet foremost to his last resting-place on a gun-carriage!

Without any doubt he found Bournemouth suitable to his mode of living, and his mode of exit was very different from his picturesque anticipation of a full military funeral with mounted escort and firing party.

With his apparently solid financial resources and confiding manner, "Major Bertie White" has deceived some of the most acute professional and business men in the town.

He began a campaign to acquire house property, and actually, in a comparatively short time, was the supposed owner of three separate, good-class houses in Bournemouth—one in Glen



"MAJOR BERTIE WHITE"

He met a young woman and fell in love—with her bank balance

Road; a second in Harewood Avenue, and a third in Albemarle Road, property which represented a value of nearly £5,000.

But cheques he gave to solicitors on account of the purchase money were returned dishonoured—in fact, one Bournemouth solicitor holds a bogus cheque for £1,000, while there are other worthless cheques for several hundreds of pounds in the hands of other dupes.

His role of a property owner was assumed in order that Major White could proceed with other schemes. On the strength of acquiring the houses he borrowed extensively, and needless to say his loans have not been repaid.

In addition he obtained furniture on the hire-purchase plan, and at different times lived in two of the houses without paying any of the accounts which followed.

Love Swindle

Thus established, the reputed major met a young woman—a teacher of music by occupation—and upon her he began to perpetrate his most outrageous deception.

She believed implicitly in all he told her; of his pension and his property and his prospects. In due course he proposed marriage to her, and was accepted. She completely believed that he was a retired officer with considerable property to his name.

The young woman had accumulated about £200 in savings, and Major Bertie White proceeded deliberately to extract

every penny from her by a variety of excuses.

He borrowed £10 at one stage, £20 at another, and so on until the little nest egg was exhausted.

Sometimes he told her the money was needed because his pension payments had not come through, or that cheques were outstanding on his different dealings. At other times, he was short and promised to pay her back within a few days.

Actually the marriage was arranged to take place at St. Michael's Church, Bournemouth, and the brother and sister of the bride sent out invitations to relatives and friends to be present at the marriage of "Mary—with Major Bertie White."

In addition the cards which were to be despatched afterwards in the boxes of wedding cake were printed "With the compliments of Major and Mrs. Bertie White, Inverclyde, Albemarle Road, Bournemouth."

He Pocketed It

Orders were also given to a local caterer for the reception of the guests which was to follow the wedding, and many presents were received by the bride.

Major White even declared that the bridal dress was to be a present from him to his future wife, and he gave a cheque—twenty pounds odd—for the outfit.

That cheque was also returned unpaid by the bank, and the bride had to meet the account!

A present came to the girl in the form of a sum of money from a friend, with a letter saying "I don't know what you need, so please buy something for yourself."

The letter was shown to the major. "I will buy something for the home," he said, and pocketed the money.

It was necessary to pay a deposit of £10 to the caterer for the wedding reception, and the bridegroom also borrowed that money from the girl. Now the caterer is rightfully claiming that he was never paid at all.

On the day before the wedding Major White was with his bride and her sister in the latter's house, when, without any warning, he collapsed into seeming unconsciousness.

His eyes were closed and he was breathing heavily.

Urgently a doctor was summoned to examine the patient. But the doctor appeared to be a little in doubt as to the cause of the illness.

"He may have had a slight seizure," diagnosed the doctor. "He had better be kept quiet in bed for a few days."

No Wedding

So the wedding had to be postponed at the last minute.

After his "few days in bed" the major recovered, but he avowed he was not strong enough to go through with the marriage just yet.

Trouble then began to accumulate for "Major Bertie White." The house to which he was supposed to have taken his bride to in Albemarle Road was locked against him because he had not carried through the purchase.

Later he was turned out of the house in Harewood Avenue, where he was then living, and the furniture was taken by the firm from which he had hired it.

Finally he disappeared one morning with his personal belongings. But not before he had borrowed, a short time previously, the sum of £125 from a retired professional man, living in Holderness Road, Bournemouth, on the promise that the money would be returned on the payment of his pension money at the beginning of July.

And that is the last Bournemouth has seen of the dashing Major Bertie White of the Royal Artillery.

A New Home

Our enquiries show that the man is a scandalous impostor. He never has been a commissioned officer, although he did hold non-commissioned rank in the Army during and after the war. His only income is a small pension, and most of his exciting war experiences are mythical.

He is by this time doubtless operating elsewhere, but we suggest that, in view of these revelations, the police would be well advised to seek his present whereabouts and provide him with fresh headquarters from which he can, for a time at any rate, do no further harm.

The Human Machine

HIDDEN MINES

THE value of an idea is absolutely incalculable. No one can even guess at the worth of an idea until it has been examined and discussed from every point of view and tried out in practice.

Every original idea is a potential gold mine. That is why so many commercial firms have a "suggestion box" into which they encourage their employees to put ideas for the improvement of the business.

Some of the world's cleverest inventions have come out of these boxes. For an idea is an idea—and you never know where you may find the solution of a difficult problem. It may come from a genius—or an office boy.

Lots of people don't like ideas. They resent the people who have them. They don't want to be made to think. They don't want their routine upset. They resent having to face up to facts and scrap tradition.

Such an attitude only ends by hurting those who try to maintain it: for ideas cannot be killed by merely ignoring them. The only way to kill an idea is to meet it with another and better idea—and that involves full and frank discussion between equals.

An intellectual snob is one of the most unpleasant people in the world—and those who are afraid of ideas and who resent having to discuss them are just intellectual snobs. Genuine intelligence is afraid of neither discovery nor the truth.

Life is a stern logician. It demands above all else, thought and sweet reasonableness, a receptive mind and a tolerant mind.

There is no other way to progress. There is no other way to that development of our powers and abilities on which success depends.

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And Wins
17 BEAUTY CONTESTS

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I honestly do not know what I should have done without "SILF," and am only too pleased to acknowledge how much I owe to your splendid preparation. I wholeheartedly recommend it to all who are burdened by too much flesh.

In closing I really must express my delight at the decided benefit to health which follows the taking of "SILF"—it is, as you say, not only an effective weight-reducer, but a really splendid tonic, too.

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CORK-TIPPED



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THIS story has its beginning in the Cardiff Police Court. In the dock before the magistrates is a frail, physically weak boy named Robert Lockwood, aged eleven years. He is charged with stealing a sack of potatoes from a warehouse.

The evidence against him is that he climbed into the warehouse yard, seized the sack which was lying ready packed for transport and, with it, re-climbed a fence, four feet six inches in height, making away to dispose of the potatoes.

The defence was a complete denial of the alleged theft. The boy declared that he was pushed into the yard by a gang of youths—the real thieves—and the gate locked upon him. There he was found by a police-constable on patrol.

That he was actually discovered on the premises was admitted; but the suggestion made by the prosecution was that he had stolen one sack of potatoes and had returned to the yard for more.

It was demonstrated, however, that the little lad had not the physical strength to lift a sack of potatoes over the fence; it was quite impossible for him to have acted in that way.

His life wasted

Robert's mother gave him a good character. She said he had never been in trouble at any time. He had run out of his home to play in the street and, a few minutes later, was taken into custody by the police.

In their "wisdom" the magistrates of Cardiff who, at that time were laymen, decided that the charge against little Robert Lockwood was proved, and they sentenced him to twelve months' detention at the Stoke Park Industrial Colony, near Bristol.

There is little doubt but that many people would consider such punishment harsh and excessive, in view of all the circumstances and the direct conflict of evidence. But the original sentence of twelve months' detention is an issue which does not now arise in the case of Robert Lockwood, aged eleven years.

The important aspect is this:

Robert was sentenced *eighteen years* ago. It was in the year 1916 that he was given twelve months' detention. *But he is still in confinement.*

The boy of eleven has become a man of twenty-nine, and he remains a prisoner!

It is sad to reflect that eighteen years of freedom and happiness have been withheld from him. Never once during the period of his incarceration has he been given the opportunity to return to his home to resume a normal mode of living. Only twice during the long and interminable years has he been allowed to see his parents.

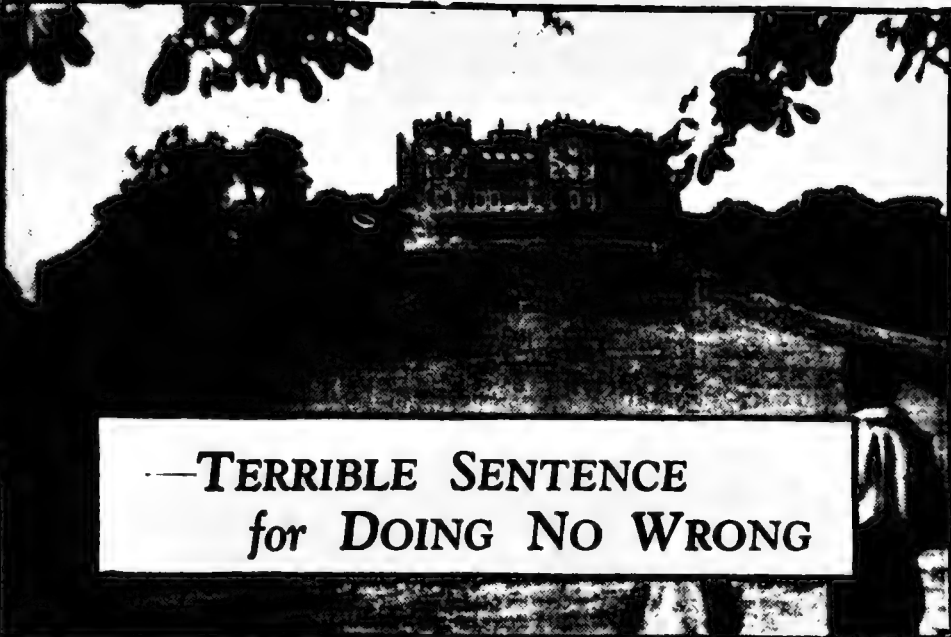
It would appear to be unbelievable, but the facts as given are the undeniable truth. There has never been a case more astounding in its harshness.

Some time after the boy of eleven was



Sir Ernest Bennett, M.P., who unsuccessfully intervened to bring freedom to the man first incarcerated in Stoke Park Colony (on the right)

BOY MARTYR'S Eighteen Years of BONDAGE



—TERRIBLE SENTENCE
for DOING NO WRONG

Photo by courtesy "Evening World," Bristol

admitted to the industrial school to which the order of the Cardiff Bench had consigned him, he was examined and classed as mentally deficient. Immediately that decision had been reached the chains were upon him with a vengeance. Officially, Robert Lockwood has remained in the mentally deficient category ever since.

Though moved, during the past eighteen years, between various institutions, he has been always in bondage.

The word "freedom" has no realistic meaning for him; his bondage is as sure as though he were in a convict settlement.

Yet there appears to be no reasonable doubt that this young man is perfectly normal.

Regularly each week he writes to his home. These letters are terribly pathetic epistles, since each one of them is a plea for liberty. They are well-written, well-argued letters, begging always that something shall be done to secure his release from an imprisonment which is intolerable.

On the two occasions when the mother was allowed to visit her son, he talked of nothing but the chance of a

new life away from institutional restraint; a life in which he could strive to forget his sufferings.

The parents, taking every course open to them, have striven to obtain their lad's release, but always their efforts have been unavailing.

Escape attempt

Even when the interest of Sir Ernest Bennett, Member of Parliament for Central Cardiff, was aroused in the case, nothing tangible was achieved. The intervention of Sir Ernest Bennett served simply to influence the transfer of Robert Lockwood to a State-controlled colony nearer to his home at Cardiff.

Many enquiries on behalf of Robert Lockwood have been addressed to the competent authorities, but they have all met with the stereotyped reply that "the matter is under consideration."

Consideration, perhaps, but no release for Robert Lockwood.

Earlier this year, the poor young man, driven desperate by failure of the efforts on his behalf, made an attempt at

escape. He broke out of the Hortham Institution near Bristol and managed to get to Bath.

But by then a hue and cry had been raised and he was recaptured and escorted back to confinement.

After this escapade he was, of course, kept under even closer observation, and the conditions of his restraint made more rigorous.

It is a poignant fact that, if one were to take this young man and place him in any ordinary company, he would be regarded as perfectly normal, completely self-controlled and disciplined; exactly the same as any other man of his birth, age and class.

A supreme effort has been recently made by Robert Lockwood's parents to secure liberty for their unfortunate son.

A letter written on their behalf has been sent to Sir John Gilmour, the Home Secretary, praying that he will intercede in the matter. The Medical Officer of Health for Cardiff has also taken steps to recommend that Lockwood should be released.

Employment is awaiting this young man, should his release be sanctioned; and his father has set aside the sum of £100 to provide a reserve until the proposed new business is on its feet. Everything is ready and waiting to welcome Robert Lockwood, the exile, who has been a prisoner far too long.

Shameful fate

A signature at the foot of a Home Office letter would be sufficient to open the barred doors for the man who must surely be regarded as having been the victim of a cruel fate; a fate that no young person of his type of mind should have suffered.

We have thoroughly investigated the facts of this case and we insist that an order for Robert Lockwood's release should be signed forthwith.

It is indeed time that the scandal of a young man's confinement for eighteen years, because as a little boy of eleven, he was alleged to have stolen a few potatoes, should be ended.

If the powers that be have hearts at all, then Robert will be soon a free man

A BANKRUPT'S SHADY DEALS

BANKRUPTCY is a tragedy which may overtake the most level-headed business men, but many bankruptcies reveal circumstances which cry aloud for investigation.

We have in mind the case of Mr. Sam Caplan, who until recently carried on business as "Wright's Wholesale Furnishers," at Swan Street, Manchester.

He was made bankrupt, and a preliminary enquiry showed that the liabilities to unsecured creditors amounted to £3,024, of which £2,482 represented liability for goods supplied.

The assets amounted to £150.

It was soon discovered that large quantities of goods supplied had disappeared somehow and somewhere in a most mysterious manner.

In view of this, it is interesting to note that a new company, Boyd's Furnishers, Ltd., 1, Mosley Street, Manchester, was registered on December 29, 1933, with a nominal capital of £500.

The directors were Sam Caplan, his wife, and Eric Darbyshire, who was at

one time employed by Caplan as a salesman.

Caplan held 91 shares, Mrs. Caplan 140, and Darbyshire 11.

Enquiries show that the money paid for the purchase of the wife's shares was paid by cheque by Sam Caplan, who made it payable to his wife.

Mrs. Caplan appears to have endorsed this cheque and paid it into the company, but it was subsequently repaid by Boyd's Furnishers, Ltd., to Sam Caplan for goods supplied.

This somewhat involved transaction actually meant that Mrs. Caplan bought shares with money that was not hers, and the money then passed back again to her husband.

When the trustee began his investigations concerning Caplan's earlier business, Wright's Wholesale Furnishers, he found an amazing state of affairs.

It soon became evident that a vast quantity of furniture had been removed from the bankrupt's premises and had not been accounted for.

In fact, some of the goods which dis-

appeared from Wright's Wholesale Furnishers after its bankruptcy were surreptitiously moved to the premises of Caplan's new company.

The audacity of Sam Caplan can be realised when it is mentioned that even while bailiffs were in possession of his premises, goods were removed at the dead of night from his shops to store-rooms and to premises occupied by Boyd's Furnishers, Ltd., in North Road, Longsight, Manchester.

We can reveal that at least £1,300 worth of furniture supplied to Caplan had been passed on by him to Boyd's Furnishers, Ltd., and this fact had not been disclosed at his bankruptcy proceedings!

The methods of Mr. Sam Caplan would appear to be very, very doubtful and it would seem most desirable that the responsible authorities in Manchester should make a thorough-going enquiry into this man's business affairs.

In the interest of business principle, and of other traders, this must assuredly be done.

THE TRUTH ABOUT LEG TROUBLES

PLAIN WORDS TO SUFFERERS

By "VERAX"

If you are a Bad Leg Sufferer, then do me the honour to read my remarks below. Every word is true, and gives sound advice to you. I write of a famous TREATMENT for leg troubles, which is a thoroughly genuine treatment and carried out by genuine people.

Under this treatment unsuitable or incurable cases are not accepted.

WITHIN THE LAST FEW YEARS CASES REPRESENTING FEES EQUAL TO £20,000 (TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS) HAVE BEEN REFUSED ACCEPTANCE RATHER THAN SUPPLY THE TREATMENT TO CASES WHICH WERE NOT CONSIDERED SUITABLE.

Documentary proof of this fact can be seen by anyone interested. This statement, being absolutely true, furnishes the best evidence possible of the sterling character of the Treatment. BOYD CABLE, the well-known AUTHOR and TRAVELLER, after an exhaustive study of the facts, says of the Tremol Treatment:

"This Treatment is an honest and proved method of cure, and those administering it are doing good humane work where it is most needed, and are entitled to all recognition of their success."

Thousands who are now cured of all leg suffering are ready to endorse this opinion of the famous author.

My advice to you is: Do not let your own leg trouble become incurable. Read on, and write for the Book mentioned below, which tells you all about the Tremol Treatment and how your leg can be made well now—before it is too late. The Book is price 3s. 6d., but is sent free to sufferers.

CONSIDER THAT OPEN WOUND ON YOUR LEG. What of it? Don't tinker with it. Don't waste time and money and suffer needless pain. Do not let a wound which commences small as a pin-prick become as large as your hand. A small sore on your hand or arm may easily heal. Not so when it is on your leg. A leg ulcer, however small, is a sign of internal blood pressure. Under this pressure the veins have given way and the ulcer has formed. This pressure will continue—the surrounding veins will keep on breaking down and the ulcer become larger and larger unless you adopt the correct treatment. A word to the wise is sufficient. Write for the Book and find out for yourself how to treat your leg.

Need I describe the almost ceaseless day and night torture that comes with a leg wound or ulcer? No one can describe it. The suffering is often beyond words. You know it all. To still the pain and

heal the wound everything is tried. Warm dressings and cold poultices, Lotions, Ointments, Resting and Medicines, but it is all in vain. Well-meant advice from a hundred sources fails to bring relief! What must the sufferer do? I will tell you. There is one way in which you surely can heal that ulcer. Write for the Book and you will know how. The Book is free to you.

THOSE PSORIASIS AND ECZEMA PATCHES: What of them? The state of the blood and defective circulation is the cause of those skin patches. Those scaly eruptions on the knees and shins, that irritable weeping raw Varicose Eczema below the knee and round the ankle; the itching, irritation, burning, and smarting, and the intolerable daily annoyance. Get rid of all this, have done forever with this irritation and annoyance. Get a new clean skin that functions naturally and healthily same as you used to have. To do this is both plain and easy. The Book tells you how, and costs you nothing to get it. Write to-day.

PERHAPS YOU SUFFER FROM VARICOSE WEEPING ECZEMA? The pathological process is as follows: Owing to the congestion of blood in the surface veins of the leg the skin becomes red and inflamed. The threadlike surface veins and cells rupture under this congestion and discharge a watery fluid. This is weeping Eczema. Prior to this weeping the itching, irritation and burning have been intense owing to pent-up fluid under the skin irritating the nerve endings. The leg goes on weeping, and with the escape of fluid the itching and irritation become relieved. The escaped fluid dries and forms scales on the skin. These scales seal up the pores of the skin. More fluid accumulates under the sealed-up skin, and the terrible itching and irritation begin once more. This is only relieved when the vessels and cells burst again through the eczematous skin. Such is a typical case of weeping Varicose Eczema, and perhaps is your case. If so, you must get cured. Sign the Coupon below and get the Book.

THOSE VARICOSE VEINS.—The dangers from Varicose Veins are Phlebitis, Thrombosis, Eczema, Rupture of the Vein Walls and Haemorrhage. The stages in the development of Varicose Veins are: (1) Simple Dilatation, (2) Loss of elasticity, (3) Dilatation in all directions, (4) Shrinkage and atrophy of the Vein Valves, (5) Thrombosis with swelling ulceration, or Varicose Eczema. If neglected, Varicose Veins become incurable. Then the greatest specialist in the world could not cure them. They cannot be cured by operation, for if they are cut out the other veins, having more work to do, will become varicose, too. They cannot be cured by injections, because unfortunately the hopes based upon injection treatment have not been realised. In the majority of cases the veins again canalise and the treatment involves risks of Thrombosis, Ulceration and Eczema. Also injections do not relieve the internal venous congestion which is the cause of the Varicose Veins. Sufferers from Varicose Veins should take the trouble in time. Treat the veins while they retain their elasticity and contractile power. Get the Book and learn how. It is free to you if you suffer from Varicose Veins.

A WORD ABOUT THOSE SWOLLEN LEGS OF YOURS, which you think look so unsightly. They are almost too painful and heavy to drag along. What do they indicate? Fluid has accumulated in the deeper tissues, and thus caused the swelling. Under excessive blood pressure the internal vein walls or cells have become thin or collapsed and fluid from the blood has infiltrated through the membrane walls and accumulated in the tissues, thus causing the leg to swell. Very soon the swollen leg will be at bursting point and may easily result in a very bad leg. You should get those swollen legs cured before it is too late. But how? That is the question. You must get at the root of the cause. The Book tells you how you can cure your swollen leg at home in comfort and with ease. Write for it to-day and read it.

A limited number of copies of this interesting Book with all particulars of the Treatment will be sent free to sufferers. If you suffer from BAD LEGS, LEG ULCERS or WOUNDS, PSORIASIS or ECZEMA PATCHES, WEEPING VARICOSE ECZEMA, VARICOSE VEINS, SWOLLEN LEGS or any other form of leg trouble, write to-day before the books are exhausted.

Sign the Coupon below and get the Book. If your case is a curable one the Book will tell you how it can be cured.

Address your letter to Superintendent, National College of Health, Ward B.L., Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester.

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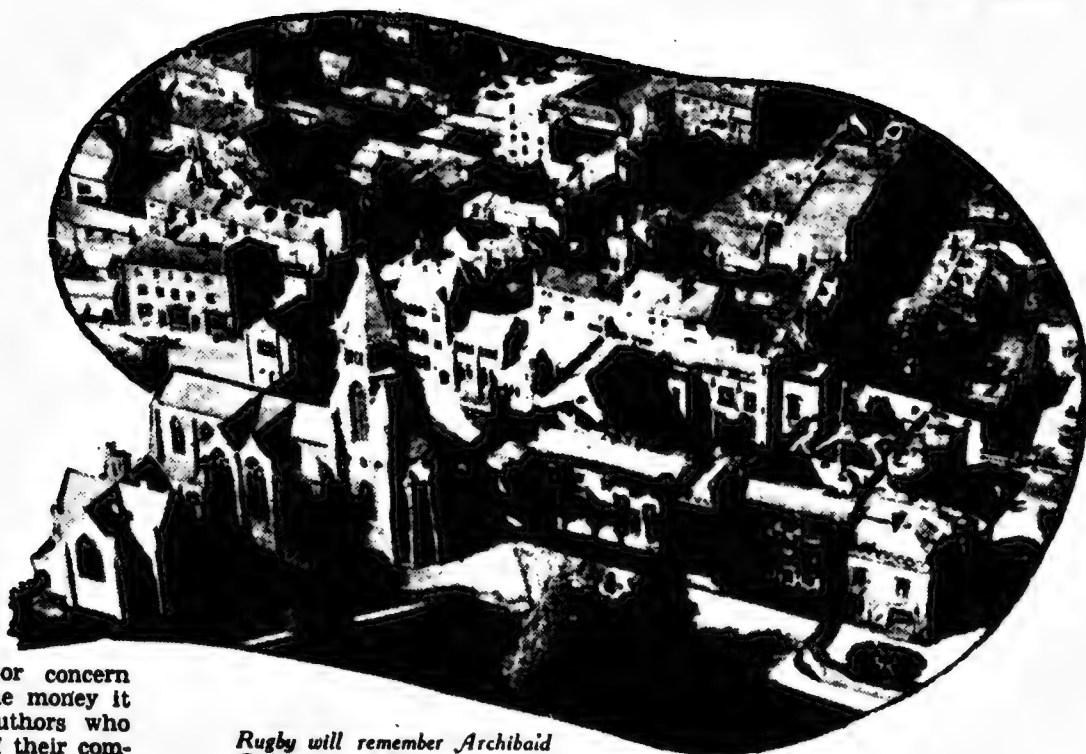
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A SHARK of the Stage



Rugby will remember Archibald Robey . . . The town was his tutor, but he returned to plunder victims there

LIVING in the town of Rugby—almost under the shadow of the famous school—is an elderly, well-respected retired tradesman, who has suffered intolerable hardship and the loss of carefully accumulated savings through the discreditable manipulations of a "family friend."

The villain of the story is a young fellow calling himself Archibald Robey, and claiming to be a composer and jazz-band conductor of repute.

In impressive note headings Robey has intimated that he is always willing to consider Lyrics, Plays, etc., but that he will "hold no responsibility for MSS. lost or damaged in the post."

Underneath the name of "Archibald Robey," which is printed in heavy type in the letters before us, which played a principal part in the heartless fraud Robey has perpetrated, is the information that he is due to appear "in New York in January next," and that he is an "Author, Composer and Musical Director."

Dirty hands

A list of "My latest songs" is also given, and includes "I'm not so happy now," "Don't take away my dreams" and—rather appropriately—"Dirty hands."

How dirty are the hands of Archibald Robey we will very shortly show.

In his youthful days Archibald Robey went to school in Rugby—though not at the famous Rugby School—sang in a church choir and studied music. Afterwards he was employed in an architect's office, and later moved from the town with his parents.

Among Robey's friends in Rugby was the son of the local tradesman concerned, but for several years nothing was heard of Robey. He did not trouble to correspond with his friends. Then, one day, the tradesman's son received a wire saying that Robey was to pay the family a visit, as he wanted to discuss important business.

He appeared to be a smart and flamboyant young man, and was full of anecdotes of his success in London theatrical circles and in the music world.

He talked volubly about his song-making successes, said he was in great demand by publishers and that he had several dance bands under his own direction.

Overawed them

Impressive indeed were his stories of how he had worked with some of the best-known music-hall and broadcasting artists.

The Rugby family was naturally a little overawed at the grand manner of their visitor, and accepted his exaggerated statements without question.

Robey later produced some of his songs which were published, as he specially pointed out, by a concern called the Strand Music Company.

But he omitted to say that this Strand

Music Company is a minor concern which exists solely upon the money it receives from unknown authors who cannot secure publication of their compositions by reputable firms.

Robey declared that fortunes could now be made easily in the song-market and dance-band worlds. He apparently knew the way to make money quickly and was on the threshold of big developments if he could procure the necessary capital.

All their savings

Clever and callous was Archibald Robey in the way he laid his glittering bait, and he told his tale to perfection.

Various proposals were made that the tradesman and his son should invest all they could in Robey's schemes. He promised a high rate of interest and the certain return of their money.

He had numerous highly profitable undertakings, he confided.

One was the "Arch Robey Syndicate"; another the Standard Investments Company, while a third was the Caledonian Agreement Agency, of Caledonian Road, London, N.

In the end—getting more and more sums from the Rugby family and over a period of time—this pseudo-musician induced his friends to hand over to him the whole of their savings, amounting to several hundreds of pounds, in return for which they believed they were to receive a handsome interest.

All kinds of fantastic but pretentious-looking documents were drawn up by Robey from time to time and handed over in return for the money received.

Among them were a number of agree-

ments, which, although actually worthless, completely deceived the investors.

One, for example, definitely stated that the Standard Investments Company was controlled and owned by Archibald Robey, and that the rich profits he therein agreed to pay would be payable within eighteen months or two years from the date of investment.

It significantly stipulated that the agreement "must not be pledged, sold, or placed in return for money unless agreed to by Standard Investments. . . ."

Another document, headed "Personal Agreement," and signed by Robey over a stamp, attached to a piece of red tape and headed Caledonian Agreement Agency, read:

"I guarantee to refund all cash in full should any agreement fail to meet its status."

100 per cent. bluff

Another of these amazing records stated that Robey would pay interest at the rate of £6 15s. a week on a sum of £200 invested with him, and that a bonus of something like 100 per cent. would be paid in cash eighteen months from date.

Not content with his pose as a songwriter and publisher, Robey adopted other cruel devices to extract more money from the unfortunate family.

An Old Salt's Spoof

CAPTAIN ROBERTS, the indefatigable "maritime consultant and adviser," is at it again; this time from an accommodation address at 59, Red Lion Street, Holborn, London.

The other day he had the impertinence to send one of his multi-typed letters offering lucrative posts on board ocean-going liners to an Aberdeen lady, who answered an advertisement relative to pleasure cruises!

On receipt of the application form, duly filled in and signed by aspiring stewards and stewardesses, valets, buglers, barmen, waiters and wireless operators, he undertakes to send full instructions how to obtain the desired berth.

The hoary old salt is still seeking to secure remittances of 3s. 6d. from those in need of work; and in red ink at the foot of one of his solicitous circulars he now urges immediate application for berths at £3 5s. a month, with all found, and good tips.

He now claims to have been "established" for thirty-two years; yet the truth is that he has no real situations to offer.

It is not so long since that he operated

from an accommodation address in Ley Street, Ilford; and before then, from Mayesbrook Road, Chadwell Heath, in Essex.

During the time he conducted his fee-snatching campaign from this last address, his distributed literature was described in a magistrate's court at Preston as "seductive trash."

* * *

And quite rightly so.

A lad who hopefully responded to his advertisements, and sent off the required fee, was so tempted by "Captain Roberts'" soul-stirring stories of life and prospects in a sea-going career, that he went so far as to steal in order to get to Liverpool.

Captain Roberts, indeed! The name savours of tall, square-rigged ships and the graceful lines of Atlantic-crossing greyhounds.

But when we come down to hard facts we find there is no such person concerned with this so-called Shipping Enquiry Agency.

Both the title and the nom-de-plume are but the masquerade of a man called William Harrison, who is not even remotely connected with any big mercantile house.

He learned that they required a motor-cycle and sidecar combination for trade use, and offered to provide them with one on favourable terms from a wholesale warehouse he was supposed to own at Deptford.

Although the purchase price was given him, no motor-cycle was ever received, nor was the money returned.

Dishonoured

Furthermore, he pretended that he was engaged in house property dealings, and offered to transfer a freehold dwelling in the town of Corringham, Essex, on condition that yet another agreement was made. With his letter about the house property he enclosed a scrap of paper, bearing, at the bottom, a red sealing-wax "seal!"

Only one payment was ever received by the Rugby tradesman in return for all his money. That was a cheque for £13. A second cheque for the same amount came later from Robey, but when paid into the bank it was returned, dishonoured.

Patiently the Rugby man and his son have waited for the continuation of their promised interest or a refund of their investments.

They have latterly written repeatedly to Robey, only to be staved off by promises that they need not worry, and that everything will be all right before long.

Finally, when they realised what a scoundrel Robey is, they consulted a local solicitor, who, upon inspection of all the documents, advised them to institute a criminal prosecution for fraud.

Yet, although victimised so cruelly, they do not wish to face the publicity such a course would entail.

Tell the police!

By other means the solicitor has endeavoured to get Robey to make reimbursement, but he has completely failed to keep his promises.

Now he has disappeared from his accustomed haunts.

Enquiries made by JOHN BULL reveal that Archibald Robey is a dishonest rascal.

His "syndicate" and his "Standard Investments" Company are impudent creations of his own imagination—names he uses in his pursuit of easy money.

His musical compositions are of the poorest class, and he is quite unknown as a figure in the musical profession in his various guises of author, composer and musical director.

Our advice to the victims of this shark is that they should communicate with the police, for it is high time that Archibald Robey was brought to book.

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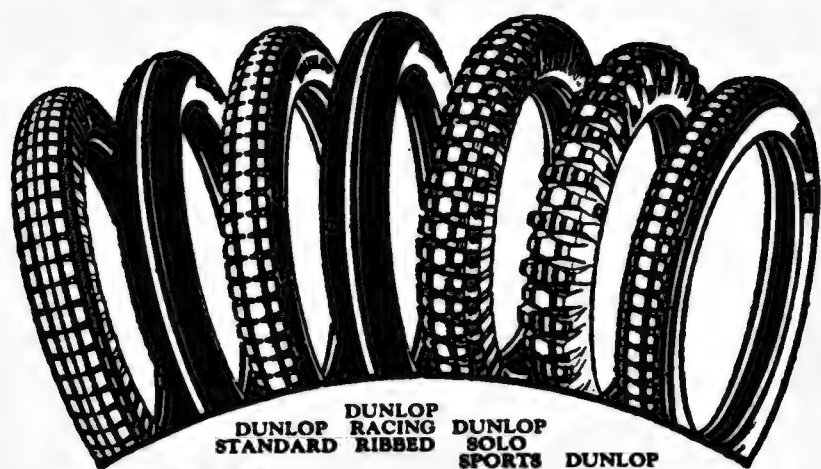
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SAMPLES of "Zee-Kol" Ointment, Pills and Medicated Soap will be sent on receipt of the coupon (plus postage) on the Back Cover.

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WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plate (not Vulcanite) Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return.—Bentley & Co., 65, New Bond St., London, W.1.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

RARE BOOKS, Magazines, etc.: English and Foreign; state wants.—J. B. DANE CO., 44, Stanley Street, LIVERPOOL, 1.

THE attention of readers who suffer from obesity is drawn to the SELF advt. on p. 14. If unable to obtain locally write, mentioning John Bull, to the address in the advt.

SPECIAL Free Offer.—Fill in the coupon in the POND'S advt. on p. 23 for free samples of all shades of POND'S new Powder. Be sure to attach a 1d. stamp to one corner and post in 11d. sealed envelope. Send your application now!

A FREE booklet, "Here's Good Health," describing the use of DE KUYPER'S Holland's Oil, will be sent gratis on application to John De Kuyper & Son, 14, Trinity Square, London, E.C.3. Mention John Bull, when writing. See p. 26.

HAVE you ever tried KELLOGG'S RICE KRISPIES? They are delicious! So nourishing. So easy to digest. Their wonderful flavour makes you want them again and again. Give the children a treat by getting a 71d. packet from your grocer. See p. 27.

MANY shaving creams are good, but only PALMOLIVE, with its quick long-lasting, abundant flavour, multiplying itself 250 times, and pure olive oil content will give you the most satisfying shave you have ever had. See p. 31.

A SAMPLE of "Doge" Face Cream will be sent on receipt of the coupon (plus postage) appearing on the Back Cover.

PURE BEER easily made at home. Turn to the "Vigormalt" advt. on p. 35. A trial size is offered. Free yeast is supplied with each tin.

A FREE SAMPLE of ALLINSON'S BREAD is offered on p. 37. Fill in the coupon for a full-size Allinson Loaf free. Post the coupon in unsealed envelope bearing 1d. stamp.

SEND for free sample tube of "Shaver," the modern method of shaving. Attach coupon in the advt. on the Back Cover to your name and address, with 2d. stamp for postage.

A FREE book for mothers. A common-sense handbook of over 100 pages, which deals with all problems of food, clothes and welfare of a young baby, is published by Nestle's. Every mother can get a copy free by sending a postcard with their name and address clearly written on it, to: Nursery Expert (Dept. J.B.), NESTLE'S, 6 and 8 Eastcheap, London, E.C.3. Write for your free copy now!

DON'T overlook the EVER-READY Shaving offer on 27.

BEAUTIFUL BABY'S 75 home-made garments, Worth £8 Handsome Shawl, Robe, Day Gown, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc., etc. Everything complete and ready to use. Purchasers state: "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on appro. (Bal. cash or terms).—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH

A UNIQUE Holiday Bargain: the smart holiday frock offered by Ambrose Wilson, Ltd., on p. 33 can be secured for only 1/6 deposit. Turn to this now and fill in the coupon, which contains a guarantee if not satisfied the frock, if unworn, can be returned and deposit refunded.

A FREE Razor Blade. You can test the excellence of STEAD BLADES by filling in the coupon in the advt. on p. 33. A free sample STEAD BLADE in a special wallet will be sent. Post the coupon in an unsealed envelope bearing 1d. stamp.

A FREE Furnishing Catalogue that YOU ought to possess. JAY'S FURNISHING STORES offer readers of John Bull a wonderful Catalogue crammed full of bargains of their special furnishings, together with full details of their special easy payment terms. A free copy of this excellent and informative Catalogue, which will solve all furnishing problems, can be obtained by writing to the Head Office. Address: Jay's Furnishing Stores, Ltd., Dept. John Bull, 248, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

The schooner "Six Sisters," lying at Hull, is being equipped for the South Seas voyage



Weekly Informations from MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

AN astonishing offer, which makes a special and colourful appeal to young men with ambition—and money—has just been brought to my notice.

It relates to a project that has been described by its promoters as "a trading and pearling" expedition, which, if everything goes according to plan, will shortly start for the romantic South Seas.

With its special appeal to those for whom a voyage to the other side of the world holds forth the prospects of a romantic adventure, the scheme has been advertised in the "Situations Vacant" columns of certain daily newspapers for some weeks past.

Those of my readers who have responded have been placed in touch with an individual called Aubrey St. Claire, of 13, Spring Street, Paddington, London, W.2, who has invited a number of them to "share expenses" in the trip and put up sums of money ranging from £50 to £150 each.

According to St. Claire, who appears to be the leader of three men who are responsible for the proposals which have been made, the expedition will sail in a schooner from Falmouth, Cornwall, within a week or two.

Romantic tales

The vessel, which is to leave in ballast, is to touch Lisbon and Gibraltar, and probably Marseilles, whence it will sail, either west by way of the Panama Canal, or east through the Suez Canal, making for Tahiti in the Society Islands.

One young man, fresh from a public school, saw St. Claire at his flat, and was regaled with glamorous stories of the South Pacific.

This young fellow was assured that no stone would be left unturned in an effort to make money. Whether the schooner is to be employed in the time-honoured pursuit of "blackbirding," or to carry cargoes of copra and sandalwood, is, apparently, to be decided when the expedition is "on the spot."

My reader, like another man who went

along, and who was entertained by a descriptive recitation of similar balderdash about the South Pacific, was invited to put up £150.

He was informed that more than one hundred and seventy applicants had written in response to the advertisements.

Early in the conversations which took place, St. Claire mentioned a vessel which is at present running between the Port of London and Leith.

But more recently, and to another man who had been invited to buy a share in the expedition, I am more than interested to observe that another vessel has been named.

St. Claire has boasted that, in partnership with a certain Mr. Jack Plant, an Irish-American, he has secured a schooner called the *Six Sisters*, now lying in the port of Hull.

He has proclaimed that ten of the fifteen young adventurers he set out to find are ready to sail; in addition to which he has found a mate, an engineer capable of running the auxiliary engines, and a skipper.

The flaws

To Mr. Jack Plant, apparently, will fall the responsibility of enforcing discipline during what promises to be a long voyage extending perhaps over a period of years.

And the navigation will be in the hands of a man called William Guy, referred to by St. Claire as "The Captain," and whose experience of the sea is supposed to have been gained off the Newfoundland Banks.

On the face of it the idea might appear to be fairly sound; and as regards "adventures," the members of the expedition might look forward with anticipation to all for which they seek.

But it is quite obvious that success must depend largely upon those who are the prime movers in the scheme—Aubrey St. Claire, John Plant, and, in a lesser degree, "Captain" William Guy.

While I can find no special qualifications which justify St. Claire and his two co-partners in launching such a scheme, I have made some very interesting discoveries about them in other directions.

The flaws I could find in the proposition so ably presented by St. Claire are perhaps not so glaring as the flaws to be found in that gentleman's personal character.

Although he has certainly made some

Three Rogues

IN A BOAT

enquiries regarding the schooner *Six Sisters* of Hull, neither he nor Jack Plant, his partner, owns this vessel.

Because his past in this country has not latterly proved by any means successful or elevating, and he may be earnestly seeking to start a new life abroad, I see no reason why he should be permitted to do so with money to be obtained from men who can have no conception of some of the inner facts relating to the careers of St. Claire and his associates in this venture.

St. Claire, I find, has functioned from time to time in many different spheres of commerce.

One of his most interesting ventures arose from his desire to make a name for himself in the theatrical world.

In pursuing this phase of his ambitious career he manifested a versatility that was soon destined to lead him to disaster.

He was responsible for planning a concert-party tour to the Midlands, which, under his management, was likely to become a roaring success.

Brought to grief

Part of his scheme was to induce investors to hand him money for this enterprise.

His victims included several young women who, badly needing engagements, invested in the hope of finding a prolonged spell of employment.

Alas! St. Claire brought the whole enterprise to grief, with the result that he

was sent to jail for six months on charges of having secured money by false pretences.

This is the type of man inviting others to participate in his South Seas expedition by putting up money to help "share expenses"!

And when I look further into the antecedents of this would-be leader of this expedition I become more than ever convinced that his scheme should be rigidly disregarded.

Mr. Jack Plant, St. Claire's Irish-American lieutenant, is also a man with a bad record, and, well known to the police, has also been to jail.

These two leaders of this proposed expedition are therefore obviously people with whom it would be dangerous to associate.

And now I come to the "Captain," William Guy, one who is supposed to know a lot about seamanship off the Newfoundland Banks.

Danger . . .

Guy, the supposed "master mariner," is nothing of the kind.

He has in fact, a bad reputation which, though admittedly not so colourful as those of his colleagues, is nevertheless such to render him an unfitting "captain" in the circumstances.

In the light of these facts, I am sure that any of those who have not already sought my advice on this matter will definitely decide not to part with money to either of the sponsors of this romantically coloured venture.

The moral and material welfare of a party of young enthusiasts for adventure would be seriously endangered were it in the hands of people like St. Claire and his associates.

So, indeed, would be the money they might now invest, and the further sums they would undoubtedly be called upon to find in some more or less sure and certain emergency during the voyage of the vessel if the expedition ever really started off at all!

A SAMPLES SNARE

UNEMPLOYED salesmen in many parts of the country are frequently the victims of individuals who attempt to exploit them by offering salaried posts on condition that fees are paid or samples are bought before the promised job materialises.

The following advertisement has recently appeared in many newspapers: "Several smart men wanted to call on Provincial and South Coast hardware traders. Wholesale only, as representative. Small domestic device. Salary £2 10s. weekly, plus 10 per cent. commission."

Those who replied to the box number given in the advertisement received a letter from Hamilton Clarke, 36, Lilford Road, London, who describes himself as patentee and manufacturer of domestic utilities.

Clarke, invariably replies to the effect that having given careful consideration to the matter, he has decided to engage the applicant for a job.

The work involved is to sell an attachment for electric fans, which are carded in dozens for retailing at one shilling each.

The applicant is again assured that his salary will be £2 10s. a week, but there is a snag in this generous offer.

As an important preliminary, £1 10s. has to be sent to Hamilton Clarke to cover cost of samples.

Thus it is obvious that Hamilton Clarke is prepared to promise employment to anybody who will send him £1 10s. for samples.

A Bournemouth reader whose suspicions were aroused by this manufacturer's readiness to appoint him as a

representative on salary, sent him a critical note.

In response to this came the following reply on a postcard:—

"Dear Sir,

Ref. situation. Regret proposition cancelled.

Yours faithfully,

H. Clarke."

The device offered may be an excellent attachment for electric fans, but we dislike Clarke's casual method of appointing representatives on condition that they send money for samples.

Unfortunately many unemployed salesmen will be tempted to send him money on the promise of a salaried job.

Investigations show that Hamilton Clarke is an impudent bluffer who has no right to use the address in Lilford Road, Brixton, for business or any other purposes.

It happens that the telephone number which Hamilton Clarke has the impudence to put on his stationery is that of a Brixton firm who have no knowledge of this self-styled "Patentee and Manufacturer of Domestic Utilities."

Indeed, this firm has been put to considerable inconvenience by receiving telephone calls from men who had been appointed or hoped to be appointed as representatives at a salary of £2 10s. a week.

The only connection that Hamilton Clarke had with the address given on his letter-headings is that his brother happens to be a lodger there.

This brother became so alarmed at the volume of correspondence coming to the house, that all letters have been lately returned unopened marked "Gone away."



LORD HEWART,

the Lord Chief Justice, to whom we look to help rid the law of one of its greatest flaws

"THERE is no appearance, my lord."

Six quietly spoken words of cold and passionless legal phraseology — yet what a stir they

cause in the criminal court in which they are uttered.

To the court assembled they tell that Justice has been cheated, that the accused person whose name has been echoing and re-echoing without response throughout the court and its network of passages for a full five minutes has failed to surrender to his bail.

The judge is there, arrived in quaint traditional panoply from London, perhaps to try this one case in the calendar. There is the representative of the Public Prosecutor, his case ready. There are the barristers, the representatives of two or three firms of solicitors, the police who carried out weeks of painstaking enquiries on this case alone, jurors ready to be sworn, and waiting witnesses who might number thirty or forty people brought from all parts of the kingdom.

Couldn't tell

And the accused, who has caused everybody else to be there, is missing. Where he should be is an empty dock.

The police had foreseen what might happen when the prisoner, now missing, had asked the magistrates for bail. The police answer was that they "most strongly opposed it." They couldn't tell the Bench more—of his many previous convictions, his refusal to surrender his passport, his threat to his cronies to outwit jus-

tice—because it would have appeared to prejudice his case.

They gave the Bench the only hint possible. And the Bench refused to listen and granted bail.

And so, while the accused man starts life afresh on his ill-gotten gains in some new country, or under another name plans fresh coups on the gullible public that has never failed yet to keep him in comfort, the court sits around the empty dock—fooled, foiled and empty-headed.

It would be bad enough if this were an isolated example of how magistrates can cut a hole in the meshes of the law through which a criminal can escape, and whose arrest in the first place may have been brought about as a result of months of laborious and costly police enquiry.

But careful investigation by JOHN BULL has shown that this hole has been enlarged to the scale of a grave and widespread scandal that calls for speedy and effective remedy.

We have, indeed, case after case before us in which magistrates have granted bail, to the desperation of the police authorities concerned—especially when they have known for certain that the accused man intended to "jump his bail," as the phrase goes—that hardened criminals have accepted not only as an invitation to escape justice, but to go out and begin depredations on a bigger and more ambitious scale than ever before.

Let us, in the first place, reveal the extent to which magistrates are enabling criminals to use this loophole to escape the law. The facts are astonishing.

Last year, in different parts of the country, more than three hundred adventurers of varying types who had been granted bail disappeared. Among them were some of the biggest "fraudsmen" in the more recent annals of crime.

Whether they were guilty men or not can only be judged from their action in running away and not facing trial. They never gave a jury the opportunity to decide.

Blunders

This year the steady increase that has long been going on in the number of criminals that escape justice in this way looks like being more than maintained. At the end of the year we may well find that magisterial blunders have permitted at least one escape for every day of the year.

Let us review some recent typical cases where bail has been granted in direct defiance of police opposition—opposition which, incidentally, is never offered unless the authorities have the strongest possible reasons to suspect that the accused may try to escape trial.

The police are searching at the moment for an audacious trickster of the company promoter type. They have had him in their clutches once, but he walked out brazenly and openly before their very eyes through the loophole provided by our bail system.

This man opened up a chain of companies and during the last few months he wrested large sums of money out of the public with the help of a brazenry and effrontery that didn't even stop short of trying to rob a Government department itself.

The police said they "strongly opposed bail" when the magistrate decided to commit.

Yet the magistrate had ideas of

ESCAPED PRISONERS: *Amazing Disclosures*

his own and, having the power to do so, gave effect to them. He gave the arrested man bail, and when the time came for him to face judge and jury there was no prisoner there—only an empty dock.

Another man who has had reason in the last few weeks to bless the kindness of English magistrates is Clarence Seeley, who has committed extensive frauds in this country and on the Continent as an "important film director." The police, having lost him through no fault of their own, now seek him again.

Lost him

The C.I.D. were more than ordinarily interested when they found him at work on new enterprises in England a few months ago, because he had no right to be here. He had been kicked out two years ago under the Aliens' Restriction Act and had got in with false credentials.

When they brought him up at Marlborough Street Police Court they naturally indicated that they strongly opposed bail. To-day, as a result of the fact that bail was granted, they are unable to put this "important film personage" in his proper setting—the empty dock.

But even these cases look pale in comparison with that of William Weiner, alias Maynard, alias Marshall, a notorious company promoter who is thanking his stars at the moment, at some place unknown to the authorities, for the precious liberty conferred on him by a provincial magistrate.

The winning William is an American who came here when, having been indicted in New York for obtaining 250,000 dollars by share-pushing frauds, he first persuaded some foolish magistrate to give him bail and then "jumped it." Soon he was at his old game in London, wheedling money out of the British public through his army of hirelings while he sat at his own private cocktail bar in a luxury suite of one of the most expensive London hotels.

Bail—and liberty

In those dazzling surroundings the police found him when they called one day to execute a warrant charging him with extracting large sums of money by share-pushing frauds. Yet again they opposed bail, knowing for one thing that he had been deported three or four years before.

So when his trial was due to be heard, this much-wanted man's name was called in vain. The judge looked upon an empty dock, and had some hard things to say about the circumstances under which he got his freedom—and the bail system in general.

Since then Weiner was safely ensconced in an American prison

for the American offence for which he was originally charged. Perhaps he thought he could move backwards and forwards over the Atlantic always sure of fooling a magistrate in one country or the other.

But the bail-jumping record does not necessarily belong to America. An Englishman of many aliases and countless previous convictions who walked out of Marlborough Street under the noses of the police who had tried in vain to get bail refused him is at least a worthy challenger.

Instead of waiting for the trial he changed his name, entered on a new career of crime so enthusiastically that there were soon five fresh warrants out against him, "jumped" bail in regard to three of those charges, and when finally apprehended by the Canterbury police in another name for a further fraud he blissfully asked for bail again.

Our widespread investigation of the whole mischievous bail system reveals so many cases of men "jumping" their bail time and time again that one can imagine the criminals concerned not only getting a supreme contempt for our bail system, but for British law as well—and there is danger for the safety of everyone when criminals develop a contempt for the law.

What can they think of Benches that allow a man his liberty pending trial, knowing that this man has already broken bail and that the chances are that he will do so again?

The expert

There is an amazing instance of that in the case of a clever international crook named Harrison, a man who can be described as not just a specialist in one type of fraud, but an expert in every kind.

When Harrison first appeared before a London magistrate, the police knew of no previous convictions. Nevertheless, they were aware of the fact that he had been boasting to his friends that if arrested he would get bail and then clear off, and so when the suggestion was made they at once protested strongly against it.

The magistrate granted bail, and perhaps at this early stage in Harrison's criminal career the reasons why he shouldn't were not glaringly apparent. Result: another empty dock.

Some months later a keen-eyed policeman who was carrying out traffic duties in the Strand noticed that Harrison was walking by with all the assurance in the world. The policeman handed over his post to undertake a little walk up Bow Street with his charge. The next day Harrison came up not only on the old warrant, but on a few new ones as well.

Naturally he was not granted bail

the EMPTY DOCK

Bow Street magistrate, showed his awareness of this when he had before him two of the best-known confidence tricksters in the country.—Ernest Jacob Crane and William Braithwaite.

These men were charged with an £11,000 fraud on a dupe. It was revealed that both of them separately, each without the other knowing it, had on three former occasions "jumped" his bail. Their joint offence was actually committed when the police were seeking one or other of them for evading justice by abuse of the bail system on six separate occasions.

Yet Sir Chartres revealed that if a man stole the small sum of 5s. the magistrates who allowed these swindlers to slip through the net of the law could refuse him bail.

Worst anomaly

And true it is. It is the worst anomaly of the law as it stands to-day. Swindles carried out in thousands, tens of thousands, or even millions, are, by the nature of the statutes that created them, misdemeanours, and if the magistrate refuses bail it is his duty to tell the accused that they may go to a judge in chambers and apply for it.

No such concession for the little man however—some ridiculous lapse that might not involve as much as sixpence, and the magistrate is entitled to keep him in custody and ensure that there will be no empty dock.

What are the remedies for this chronic state of the bail system?

The police must have greater powers to ensure that magistrates do not snatch out of their hands prisoners they have traced and apprehended at great cost in trouble and public money.

They do not oppose bail spitefully. Often they will not oppose it in the case of a notorious international swindler, if he will but surrender his passport. The machinery must be so reorganised that when the police have real reason to suspect that a man will not appear to stand his trial if given temporary liberty, he should be kept in custody.

In doubtful cases that machinery should enable the police to insist that the accused man should report at regular intervals at the nearest police station. If he failed on any one occasion, he would only have a few hours start of them. As it is to-day, the start is sometimes several months, and the man has often settled down in safety abroad by the time his absence is noted.

There must be stricter investigation of the status of people offering to stand surety. That would remove a whole host of possible abuses at one stroke.

In addition, the terrible anomaly by which the big offender can go free when the small man is kept in custody should be swept away as an unwanted survival of medievalism.

Already the judges are beginning to make their voices heard in protest. Mr. Justice Roche, as well as Mr. Justice MacKinnon—both have been faced by empty docks and heard the stories of absconding prisoners—have attacked in no uncertain terms the system which makes such a thing possible.

Parliament must recognise this as perhaps the biggest flaw in our judicial system—a flaw that makes for weakness and even injustice—and act accordingly.

NO. 1 DOCK, THE OLD BAILEY—BUT WHERE IS "THE ACCUSED"?

after this. He was, indeed, sent to a well-merited term of imprisonment.

When he was free again he at once started his spectacular frauds once more. Again he was arrested.

Another let-off!

For a second time Harrison was committed for trial. Although he had heard the magistrate being told how he had "jumped" his bail on the first occasion, he had the audacity to ask for bail again.

The police strongly opposed, and naturally. This despite the fact that they felt that no special urging would be necessary. But to their amazement they heard the magistrate grant bail to a man they knew they might never see again!

Their prophecy was not far out. For the second time an empty dock was the only outward and visible sign of the fact that Harrison should have been standing his trial.

The instances we have given up to this point can at once be seen without any enlargement as a startling condemnation of a system that will enable a magistrate to give as much help to a hardened criminal to escape justice as if he deliberately threw a rope over a prison wall.

But on closer examination even grosser scandals about the bail system become apparent.

For instance, the question may well be asked as to who goes bail for these notorious crooks who are more likely than not to disappear without facing trial.

In this connection we can reveal that there is even a disreputable traffic in finding householders—only a householder can act as a surety—who will pledge themselves for the appearance of such persons.

There are quite a number of people who are willing to act as sureties for reward. As distinct from

the many who regard it as a high test of friendship, they have their cash price for showing the confidence necessary to impress a magistrate.

One case that at least proves that money is paid for such services was heard at the Old Bailey recently, when a witness admitted that he stood surety for a Marlborough Street defendant in the sum of £2,000 after receiving twenty £5 Bank of England notes from the man's wife as his reward.

However a court came to accept such a man as surety, especially in view of the fact that the amount was so large and he was an undischarged bankrupt, passes one's comprehension. It is another stricture on the system.

Bail-friendship

It is a deplorable fact that in some cases trafficking in bail-friendships, as they can be called seeing that they begin and end with the particular case concerned, are conducted by solicitors of the shady type. One of these, in fact, is now in prison.

One man was engaged some time ago in a case in which, after years of endless endeavour, the police were able at last to bring before the Bow Street magistrate a notorious international White Slave trafficker.

When he knew that a bail of £100 would be accepted for the appearance of his client, he sent his clerk out with £155, which he paid to an absolute stranger on the terms that £100 of it should be used as the requisite pledge, by virtue of which he could stick to the odd £55 for himself.

Into what a mockery was justice turned by a bail system which could be abused in such a way! And how much worse the travesty appeared when, on the name of the slave trafficker being called on a

subsequent date, the court surveyed an empty dock and learned that this infamous creature was home in Italy.

The police are also aware of cases in which people are bribed to offer themselves as surety. And in some cases something more sinister than the desire to run away is behind such application for bail.

He made sure . . .

In one instance recently a "slashing" case came before the courts. Obviously a sordid story of rival gangs was the background of the story. Bail was sought for the prisoner—and granted.

The man concerned did not disappear, as so many others do. He had no need to. He made such good use of his few weeks of liberty that when the case came on not a single witness for the prosecution had the courage to give his testimony.

Bail! It is a blessed word for the innocent prisoner, or for the man who has done wrong for the first time and, resolved it shall never happen again, is waiting to take his medicine like a man. It represents time in which to convince his loved ones that he is not as bad as he appears, to make plans for their future should prison be inevitable, to brace himself up for whatever is coming.

It mustn't therefore be thought that in showing up the burning scandal of the bail system we would lose him this precious liberty. Far from it. In fact, we brand that system as one that, while providing the big-scale and inveterate crook with a step-ladder to liberty, is cruelly unjust to the small offender.

Sir Chartres Biron, the former

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On one packet—Posto the performing clown—on another—a set of circus animals doing their tricks—on another—farmyard animals—big and little pigs, cows, sheep, chickens, ducks.

The whole family likes Post Toasties—golden corn flakes—crisp, tasty and refreshing. Buy a packet to-day. Food for the family and toys for the kiddies as well!

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NOW

THE PRIVATE LIFE of GEORGE LANSBURY: (6) by his SON EDGAR

DIVORCE in the FAMILY

—and how my
father faced
up to it

ABOUT thirty-seven years ago, father walked into the bedroom occupied by my brother and me, woke us up with as little noise as possible, and told us to go to a certain little street about a quarter of a mile away, knock at a certain door, and ask for Mrs. Waterhouse.

Mother was ill, we were told. We were quite young, but we knew vaguely what that meant. A baby was coming.

We put on our clothes and went out into the dark streets, terrified by every shadow and every sound, expecting to be pounced upon from behind any minute.

Eventually we found the old lady. She betrayed no great surprise, but quickly put on bonnet and cloak and accompanied us back home. She was a tiny, wizened old lady, very like a witch, with an outsize in reputations as a midwife.

Foster-Wife

She had officiated at the birth of every child in the family. When she appeared at the front door it was a case of "I came, I saw, I conquered." She did the cooking, made us all do our proper share of the work, scolded and smacked, and generally made herself disliked by us all. Incidentally, she acted as nurse to mother and the new-born child, and to a certain extent as foster-wife to father.

Like a real mother she took a fancy to one or two of us and disliked intensely the rest of us—especially the girls. The first few days were always a novelty, but we were glad when she packed her box and departed.

Four years ago my twin boys were born. I wish I could think them more worthy brats than we were. They certainly ought to be.

Long before they were due to arrive doctors consulted one another as to whether there were two of them or only one. The probable date of birth agitated the doctors quite a lot, and the whole affair assumed the importance of a major operation. Their mother went into a nursing-home, where two doctors and a special nurse, in addition to the ordinary nursing staff of the place, took the matter in hand.

In the little old house when



"One day Moyna and I made up our minds to get married . . ." Edgar Lansbury and his wife leaving the Register office

"Mother was ill" nobody seemed to worry, and everything went on normally, except for the change from mother to foster-mother—and except for mother herself, who was doubtless only too well aware what was happening.

Not one of us ever lost a day at school, or went to bed earlier or later, or worried in the slightest about the birth of a brother or sister. Only when mother had twins was there a little lifting of eyebrows amongst us, though the rest of the routine was the same.

Nevertheless, every new baby was welcomed by us all, especially by father, who spent hours nursing and coddling them, and trying to get the reputation of being the only one for whom they would stop crying. Like most fathers he did his share of "walking the floor" at night with troublesome babies.

Father keeps in closer touch with all his children than most parents would do. No matter how busy he may be he spends a few minutes every morning ringing up one or two or all of them. He is keenly interested in their affairs whether great or small, and prouder of their minor achievements than of his own part in the affairs of the world.

Blamed Nobody

When they get into difficulties he will move heaven and earth to get them out. When they quarrel he helps them to patch it up. If their babies are ill, he shows himself a very medical encyclopædia. He knows what will give babies indigestion, and will tell you exactly what to give them for stomach-ache. When major troubles arise he is equally solicitous and helpful.

I have caused one or two commotions in my own life, but cannot recall one word of blame or criticism

from father, though many a word of advice and help.

A public man is always liable to be "shot at" because of the doings of his children; and one hears and reads a lot about the responsibility of bearing an honoured name and of fathers who live under the threat of discredit which their children may bring upon them.

Father never thought he was good enough to blame anybody, least of all his sons and daughters, because of their personal affairs: his own anxieties financial, domestic and political have filled him with wisdom and understanding.

My Dilemma

He is one of the humblest men on earth. I think all great men are humble, whether they are clever or not. Cleverness may be a hindrance to the great as it is a hindrance to the good.

One day in 1923 Moyna MacGill and I made up our minds to get married. There were many difficulties to overcome, involving the dissolution of a former marriage and my own appearance in public in a surprisingly unexpected, not to say unconventional rôle.

In Poplar I was prominent in public work, a borough councillor and a guardian of the poor. I was a candidate for Parliament, and those who thought about me at all expected me to make politics, or shall I say, Socialism, my main work in life. I myself expected as much, and so did father.

But something had happened within me that put all impersonal things in the background, and a good many personal things, too. I told father what Moyna and I intended doing, and, unworthy as I

(Continued on page 24)

"Pond's have done a wonderful service for modern women"

says the beautiful

LADY MARIAN CAMERON

What is this splendid service that Pond's have done for you? Lady Marian Cameron, lovely leader of Society, says that in her

opinion "Pond's have given us the means of keeping our skins in perfect condition with the least possible trouble and expense." She adds, "I have used Pond's for years." Lady Marian's skin is always smooth, soft and flawless. Here is her method of beauty care, by which you, too, can make your skin lovely.



soothing oils can sink deep down into the pores and bring out all the dirt. Then wipe away cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing

Tissues. Lastly, pat on Pond's Skin Freshener to close the pores and to tone up the skin.

KEEPS SKIN SMOOTH

Always use Pond's Vanishing Cream before powdering. It protects your skin from dryness. In summer especially, sun, wind and dust are constantly whipping away the natural moisture. This fluffy cream contains a special ingredient which restores moisture to the skin, keeping it fresh and

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HOW TO USE POND'S

Every night and morning spread Pond's Cold Cream over your face and neck and, with the tips of the fingers, massage it in with a light upward movement. Wait a few minutes so that the

Guide your skin to beauty with

POND'S CREAMS

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SPECIAL OFFER: Write your name and address on this coupon, attach a 1d STAMP to one corner, and post in 1½d sealed envelope to Dept. 588, Pond's Extract Company Ltd., Portishead, Middlesex, and we will send you samples of all four shades of Pond's new powder, Natural, Peach, Rachel 1 and Rachel 2.

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"What's it mean when a man sees red?"

"He might make a fortune—like Cap'n West. He saw red when he came to these parts—red salmon!"

He knew the value of his good salmon, did Cap'n West! There's more real nourishment in a steak of salmon than a much bigger steak of beef. But it must be red salmon. A good way to make sure of getting it at its best is to insist firmly on

JOHN WEST'S MIDDLE CUT SALMON

INSIST ON THE BEST — AND BUY JOHN WEST

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-NOW

THE MOST ECONOMICAL OF ALL GOOD SOAPS

There is no waste with Pears—and a cake lasts far longer than a cake of any other soap. At the new reduced price of 4½d. it is more than ever the most economical of all good toilet soaps. Buy a cake today. See for yourself what a wonderful soap it is—what a rich smooth lather it has—what a delightful old-world fragrance. And remember that generations of lovely English women have proved that Pears is "matchless for the complexion."

ECONOMY NOTE

There is no waste with Pears Soap. It stays firm till it is worn to wafer thinness. The wafer, moistened, fits snugly into the hollow in the new cake, and becomes part of it.

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made with an air-space between every one of
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Table Jellies

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PRIVATE LIFE OF GEORGE LANSBURY—Continued from page 22



"THE TWINS"—

was, expected him to "come the heavy father."

I was wrong. He was moved deeply, I could see, but not for the reasons I had imagined. He knew I had been very unhappy since the death of my first wife, and was deeply concerned that I should find peace and happiness again.

His only words were to the effect that nobody, least of all he, could advise us as to our proper course, but that he hoped we would both be happy—as happy as he and Bessie were.

He was There

He said this with some diffidence, knowing well that for him and Bessie the active pursuit of happiness was over, whereas for us and others of our kind and age the chase was still on, with all its complications, difficulties and disappointments. Perhaps he was also feeling in the depths of his heart of gold that we had still to learn the lesson that the happiness which lasts a lifetime must be cemented with sacrifice and love not between two people only, but for one's fellow-creatures.

Someone told him that Moyna and I were meeting in Albemarle Street one morning to go away together, and to our great surprise (shall I say dismay?) we found him there at nine o'clock in the morning, not in the capacity of outraged parent to forbid the banns, but just to wish us Godspeed.

He kissed us both, and we drove off in a car, leaving him on the kerb. At that moment we felt as though we had killed something inside him, but later knew we had done him an injustice.

A few years afterwards I found myself in hot water once again, this time because of the failure of a business for which I was responsible. Naturally, there was a good deal of publicity which must have been specially distasteful for father although he had nothing whatever to do with the business or the crash.

Wrong Father!

He did his best to help us, but without money of his own was powerless. He said wryly that we ought to have chosen a father who made money for his children instead of one who went about looking after other people's affairs, and neglecting his children! (Exactly like him! there never was a better father.)

On Christmas Eve he wrote to us:—

MY DEAR EDGAR AND MOYNA,—We both send our best love and good wishes to you all. This has been a hard, difficult, trying year for us all, but especially for you two. May the New Year be kinder and brighter.

It is good to know you are both

THE Good Father in Need

strong in love, faith and hope. These three always bring us mortals through. I am always too self-conscious to shout this aloud as I should do, but the longer I live and the more difficult and troublesome life in a material sense seems to become, I find myself resting solid and serene on the thought: to have loved well is to have lived well. I know you are striving to do this, and therefore never feel afraid or downcast about you whatever comes.

So from mother and me lots and lots of love and all good wishes for Christmas, New Year, and all the days to be.

Always,

DAD.

Earlier in the year he had written to my wife:—

MY DEAR MOYNA,—I know you don't want a letter from us, but I feel I must send this line to say "Cheerio." The newspapers if they say anything later on will only be a nine days' wonder, and you will not worry too much. All it means is the boys must start again and work a bit harder. Life is rather a mystery, so much good and so much evil. We have all had some good, in fact a lot; just now it seems our turn for a double dose of the other.

But we both think of you and ... and wish we could have taken it all on ourselves instead of the bother coming to you.

Lots and lots of love from us both,

G. L. AND MOTHER.

The words "and Mother" had been added by mother herself. She always associated herself with his letters to us, sometimes signing them herself.

"That has Passed"

In July he wrote again to me:—

House of Commons.

MY DEAR EDGAR,—Have been thinking lots about you; the only thing that distresses me is I can't help except to send you love and good thoughts.

I am quite happy about your



—AT SIX MONTHS

future ... and am certain you will both come through. I don't care a rap what the Press or anyone will say. All that has passed Don't hesitate to consult me if you wish. You don't worry me because I am convinced good must come out of all our troubles and tribulations.

Lots and lots of love to Moyna and yourself and the babies,

DAD.

No Bank Balance

The reader will note that whenever he mentions himself it is to take blame for not being able to help us, or to ridicule the notion that adverse publicity about our affairs could possibly hurt him. On both these matters he was, I think, wrong. Yet the truth is that he was not able to help us (there was really no reason why he should) because he himself was, and always will be, without money except that which he may earn from month to month as Member of Parliament, Cabinet Minister, or writer.

Literally, he takes no thought for the morrow. His needs are the same whether he sits on the Government Front Bench, or on any other bench, and whatever money comes in leaves his pocket daily to supply the needs of others.

He will never be cured of this; and why should he be? Money to him personally has no value at all, and I doubt very much whether he has ever had a balance at the bank. It would be a poor service to persuade him at seventy-five to "put a bit away for a rainy day."

NEXT WEEK:

FATHER GOES TO PRISON

"The Greatest of These—"

"Little Skeletons"

SIX-YEAR-OLD Mervyn's mother is on the verge of a complete nervous breakdown, because her ex-Service husband is in Brixton prison, owing to his being unable to pay his overdue rates.

This is all the harder, because, after two years' unemployment, he had just secured a good job which would have enabled him to provide for his family, and pay off his rates by degrees. He has now lost his job, and his wife and six children when they appealed to us had only eight shillings a week to live on, earned by the eldest boy, aged sixteen.

Seven years ago Mervyn's mother went through the tragedy of having her home broken up, when she and the children, because their dad was out of work at the time, and the house they lived in was sold over their heads, could find no shelter excepting the workhouse.

Their father then managed to find work, and by pinching and saving was able to provide a fresh home for his family.

During the last two years of unemployment through slackness of trade, as he had been working on his own, and was

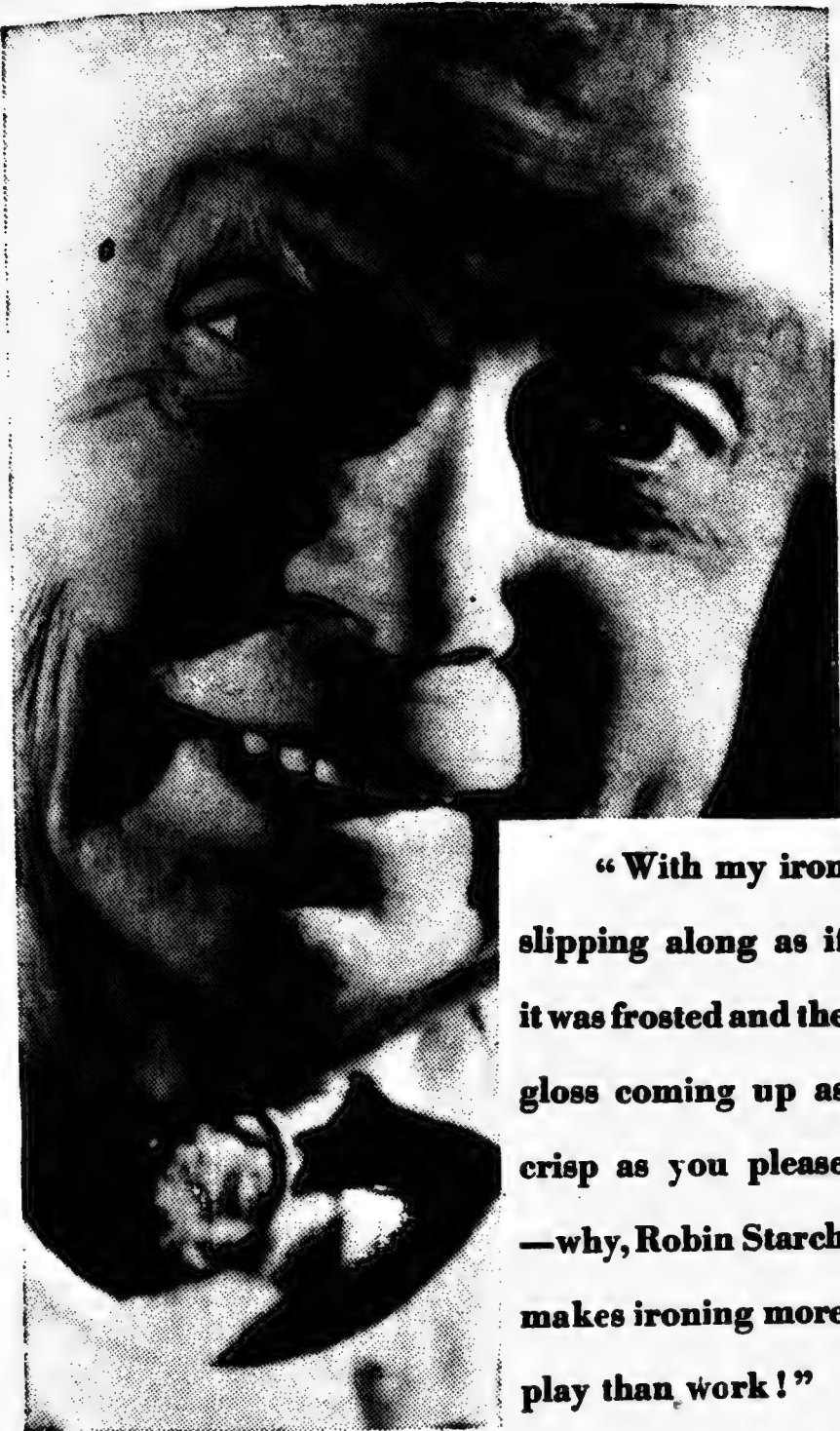
not entitled to unemployment pay, it was a very hard struggle to keep the kiddies fed, and the rent and rates had to go unpaid.

"The children have gone very thin," said their mother, "and one of my little girls, who is nine, is almost a skeleton. The doctor says they are all underfed, as where we live no free meals are granted to school children."

"When my husband got a good job, we thought our worries were over, and they would have been except for this trouble with the rates, which I think has broken both my husband's heart and mine. Until he is free and can find another job we are desperately in need of a helping hand to save us from the workhouse again."

Donations earmarked "Mervyn," as well as subscriptions to the general fund, should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.



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it was frosted and the
gloss coming up as
crisp as you please
—why, Robin Starch
makes ironing more
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Get a bottle to-day
from any good
Hairdresser,
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1/- and 1/6.
Sample size 6d.

"Women with VITALITY work well and
look attractive
in summer..."



—but
**'SUMMER
FAG'**

almost lost me my job"

Why is it some women in jobs
never feel tired out in summer?
How is it, after working hard all
day, they feel full of 'go' and
look attractive in the evenings?
All women should be like this in
summer... But there are women
who get "Summer-Fagged."

ARE YOU LIKE THIS WOMAN?

Do you feel like the woman in this
photograph? Summer weather
tired her out. By the time she
got home every evening, her eyes
looked dull and unattractive. "I
was fagged out even during the
day," she said. "I couldn't keep
up with my work. I almost lost
my job."

To feel full of life women who
work need heavy strength-giving
food. But some women can't eat

heavy food in summer. These
are the women who get "Summer-
Fagged," doctors say.

HALL'S WINE FOR QUICK NEW VITALITY

Hall's Wine gives quick, new
summer strength without over-
taxing your stomach. That's why
doctors recommend a wineglassful
two or three times a day, to end
"Summer-Fag."

Hall's Wine is a doctor's formula.
The very first delicious bottle will
bring back sparkle and vitality
into your eyes. Start today! If
you prefer a long drink, take
Hall's Wine with mineral waters.
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Grocers and Chemists, large
bottle, 5/6. Stephen Smith &
Company Limited,
Bow, London, E.3.

Delicious

HALL'S WINE
gives you Summer "Go!"



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YOUR DOG WILL NOT GO OFF HIS FOOD... if you condition him correctly

A dog turns from his food because his blood is so impure that it has made his stomach sour. The only difference the hot weather makes is that blood impurities develop more rapidly in heat.

If you keep your dog's blood pure by correct conditioning he will eat and enjoy every meal you make for him. Correct conditioning means keeping your dog's blood free from the food impurities which continually infect it, and the correct way to do this is to give a Bob Martin's Condition Powder 3 times a day on 2 successive days in every week.

Bob Martin's Condition Powders remove every impurity from the blood, preventing and curing all common blood disorders, such as loss of appetite, listlessness, sulky temper, continual scratching, dull or loose coat, eczema and swellings between the toes.

2/- boxes of 21 powders; 6d. packets of 9 powders from dog biscuit shops, chemists and large stores.

BOB MARTIN'S
Condition POWDERS
Keep dogs fit ALWAYS

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"Here's Good Health!"
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Hollands will be sent
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Tell your private troubles to "Humanist," 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, enclosing STAMPED envelope. £1 ls. is paid for each letter quoted by

PHILIP INMAN



"A great deal of trouble is caused when there is Hitlerism in the home."

HITLERS

of the HOME

A DOLPH HITLER does not only live in Germany; many of the letters sent to me prove that. You will find him in many a home in this country. He does not go by that name, but his methods are the same.

A great deal of trouble is caused when there is Hitlerism in the home. Here is a woman who is married to a tram conductor—a man in regular employment earning a steady wage. They have a little girl of twelve and live in a pleasant house with three bedrooms, sitting-room, kitchen and bathroom. There you have the setting for an ideal home. Yet—well, let my correspondent tell her story.

"My husband has always kept his wages and never allowed me to do the housekeeping. Until about five years ago we used to go for an occasional outing together, but since that time I have never been anywhere with him.

"As I was never given any money, not even a few shillings for pocket-money, I started to do machine-work for other people. Imagine how I feel when I am now told that my husband has written to these people telling them not to send me any more work, as it is his daughter's home and not a workshop!

"I can truthfully say that my work has never interfered with my household duties or my husband's comfort, and he has never come home and found me employed in this way. I am not saying these things to sing my own praises, but simply because I have done my best to keep things together—only to be treated by my husband like a leper."

There's a husband for you! He never takes his wife out, keeps all his money to himself, and when she tries to earn a little he seeks to prevent her. I could understand his objection to her working, if it meant that either he or his child suffered in consequence. But, according to my correspondent, that is not the case.

He must, therefore, be a tyrannical bully of the worst type, and his wife must no longer allow herself to be misused. What is to be done? I should let her husband know quite frankly that neither law nor reason is on his side. If he has not the decency to give her a little money for her own personal use then he must be told that she intends to make some for herself.

If he "cuts up rough" at this ultimatum, the best thing is for my correspondent to talk the matter over with a local magistrate. Outside influence is sometimes very efficacious in these cases and many a man has "climbed down" when confronted with the law.

This woman, naturally, wants to keep her home intact and, apart from everything else, she has her child to consider. Married life to her is even worse than slavery.

That is an example of Hitlerism in the home at its worst. There are other cases where it is not so drastic in its application. Sometimes it is confined to just one phase of life.

Here is a letter which demonstrates that fact. The correspondent is a woman, who writes:—

"I was a widow with a little boy three years old when I married again, and my

present husband is one of the best in the world. My son will be sixteen years of age in a few months, and he is a good boy in every way. Yet it is about these two people that I need your advice.

"My boy has been working for a local firm during the last sixteen months and he is getting on very well indeed. He leaves his work at six o'clock and by the time he has washed, had his tea and changed, it is after seven before he can go out. Now, my husband insists that he shall be home again not later than eight o'clock. My boy says that his friends laugh at him for having to be home so early, but my husband is determined that if he comes in after that hour he will lock him out.

"When I try to point out how unreasonable this is I am told that naturally I would take my own boy's part. I do so because I know he feels it very keenly having to come in so early these long evenings, for he seldom goes out in the winter time. What I am afraid of is that he will run away and enlist. This is the only trouble we ever have in the home, and it is worrying me dreadfully."

If a vote could be taken of my readers, I am sure that the vast majority would be on the side of this boy and his mother. Apart from this stepfather wanting to show his authority, I am unable to understand the reason of his action.

For a lad of sixteen to have to be indoors by eight o'clock on these summer evenings is most unreasonable, to say the least. Especially is this so when he is at work all day and is not really free for any recreation until after seven at night.

It would be different if the lad were associating with bad companions, but there is no suggestion whatever that such is the case. This harsh treatment on the part of his stepfather is likely to make him want to leave home. I hope for his mother's sake he will not do that.

But I think someone must talk to that man—my correspondent has tried to do so without any success.

Will he, I wonder, listen to me? That boy, in my judgment, should be allowed to stay out until ten o'clock during the summer months—nine o'clock in winter. He must not be treated as a child. From what my correspondent says about her husband, I am sure he will not allow

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this difference of opinion to interfere with his otherwise happy home. If he is the man I imagine him to be, he will accept the verdict of the majority and adopt a more reasonable attitude towards his step son. He will, I am sure, not regret it in the long run.

And Hitlerism is not only confined to the family circle. It extends its sinister influence into factories, workshops and other businesses. Many of my readers, I know, have real bullies for employers, foremen or overseers. It is not easy to stand up to them when one's bread and butter is at stake.

A letter has just reached me from a young fellow who is a clerk in a Lancashire cotton mill:

"I have been in my present employment since I left school," he tells me, "and although I am now thirty and married, the boss still seems to regard me as a lad. He browbeats me before the others, and expects me to do all sorts odd jobs that those junior to me should do.

"While I feel deeply about these things, what I really complain of is his treatment of me outside ordinary working hours. He sends a message to my home and I am expected to go to him at once whether it is night time or during the week-end. Then he will set me to do all kinds of work and run all sorts of errands. If I demur he raves and storms and says that in these days when there are so many unemployed I am lucky to have a job at all.

"Last Saturday afternoon I was going with my wife to a cricket match, when suddenly he sent for me. It was over something very trifling, which could easily have waited until the Monday. You may advise me to seek other employment, but we have bought our house through a building society and for family reasons we are also tied to this place."

It is not easy to know what to say to this young man. He has supplied good reasons why he must remain in the same locality. One thing is clear, that employer is adopting the practices of Hitler with a vengeance. He is not only content to dictate to this clerk during working hours, but he also wants to control the whole of his life. That is an unwarranted interference with a person's liberty.

There are only two suggestions I can make. The first is to grin and bear it until both general conditions and his circumstances improve, and then he will not feel so dependent upon this bully of an employer.

The second is to be out sometimes when he is sent for. This may help to break the pernicious habit by which that employer expects him to be always at his beck and call.

I am not told whether my correspondent is paid extra for this night-time and week-end work. If he is it will serve one useful purpose. It will help him on the road to independence. If he is not, that mill owner stands condemned as a selfish brute, unworthy of the slightest consideration. I hope the time will soon come when this young fellow will be able to bid him a glad and permanent good-bye.

"You're right, Jenkyn ... Kensitas *do* taste better"



The proof of a cigarette is in the smoking. More and more smokers are taking to Kensitas because they have proved for themselves that Kensitas *do* TASTE better. And they are all agreed there's an excellent reason for this better TASTE of Kensitas. For Kensitas are made only from the choice *centre* leaves of the finest Virginia tobaccos — the Cream of the Crop. Not the harsh undeveloped top leaves — not the coarse, sandy bottom leaves. Only the highly-prized, tender-ripe *centre* leaves — to give you that smooth, *satisfying* flavour for which Kensitas are famous. Try one — your own good taste will acclaim this better TASTE!



They're Mild ... They Satisfy

... They Taste Better

The Cream of the Crop
"The mildest, smoothest tobacco"

Daddy listens too!



Just listen to Kellogg's Rice Krispies when you pour on cold milk or cream. They actually crackle with crispness. And their wonderful flavour makes you want them again and again.

So nourishing. So easy to digest. Splendid for children, particularly the evening meal, because they invite restful sleep. Try them for breakfast or lunch. Ask your grocer for Kellogg's Rice Krispies by name.



7½d per packet
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DARK GHOSTS of Old Bedlam

SHRILL-VOICED children playing the other day on London's newest open space—given to them by Lord Rothermere in memory of his mother—broke away from their games for a moment to watch the workmen cart away the last few stones of the building that used to stand there until recently. Then, as the rumble of wheels died away, they went on with their play. They did not know that what they watched was history in the making. They did not realise that those few stones represented the end of Bedlam—the first lunatic asylum in the world, and now uprooted from its 500 years' association with London to begin anew in the green fields of the country. Better that they didn't, seeing that hell found its nearest equivalent in the Bethlehem Hospital—to give Bedlam its full name—until comparatively recently. What stories to torture them and distort their minds for the rest of their lives could those stones have told to those simple London children.

Making them madder

There was a time—for centuries after Bedlam received its first patients over 500 years ago—when we believed mental trouble to be due to visitations by demons, and treated the poor inmates to services of exorcism lasting hours that were calculated to make them much madder than when they were admitted.

Ecclesiastics raved at them with long and menacing sermons. Their beads were tapped with holy relics. Their poor sick minds—for such minds are only sick, like other organs of the body can be—were bewildered by incantations and supplications and psalms.

Yet happy the lot of those poor afflicted people compared with the plight of those who were to follow—even those who were inmates of Bedlam during the lifetime of people still alive.

For hundreds of years the prison—for prison of the worst kind it was—lay between two open sewers. Men and women patients mixed indiscriminately, and babies were born in its cells.

The "Bloods" of the Town used to visit the place on Sundays to goad and provoke the patients. They would ply them with spirits and watch the effects. It was fine fun indeed if the poor demented creatures flung themselves in maniacal fury against the iron doors.

The medical officers only appeared on quarter days. One refused to give any account of the hospital's legacies and pocketed them himself. Another escaped to the Continent with £12,000. A third was content to steal only £8,000, a fourth stole even the hospital's emetics, a fifth died bankrupt owing the hospital a fortune. One surgeon in charge was actually insane himself.

Chained to the floor

Even as recently as eighty years ago such awful malpractices were not unknown.

At one time there would be a medical head who would have the patients chained to the damp floors. At another the man in charge would give them a licence that was even more sinister. But always that was the beginning and end of the so-called "treatment." For the rest the poor devils would be left to the mercy of hall-porters and the like.

And what exploiters these attendants were.

Peter Taverner, the chief doorkeeper, was more than typical of a lot of them. He was, indeed, the worst. He it was who initiated the system of Sunday visits, making as much out of them as if he were running a circus, with a special scale of charges for Bank Holidays.

He stripped the place of all its furniture and fittings, even the chains, and sold them. Throughout half a lifetime he took every penny subscribed for the charity throughout the whole kingdom for himself. He made the inmates pay



Scene in Bedlam—from "The Rake's Progress," by Hogarth

for their keep and then boarded his own numerous progeny there. He ran a tavern on the beer left at Bedlam for the entertainment of the inmates.

Finally he snapped up all the legacies for himself and administered the estates in his own interests without bothering about probate at all.

What a strange procession of sane and insane alike has passed through Bedlam as patients. Who could judge between one and the other in this besotted place from which the medical men responsible were always absent.

First nudist there

One was an ex-officer whom James I heard speaking against the monarchy in Theobalds Park. He had him rushed there at once. But as his disparagements of the King were popular with the staff, he was treated generously with food and clothes.

The first nudist was sent there, a man named Robins. He went naked as a protest against insincerity. To-day many people would call him a reformer, but in those days they allowed him to languish and die in an asylum cell.

The first man to hit on the idea of sending missionaries abroad was sent there. His name was Tannyc. They felt sure there was something wrong with him. But he had several Quakers as company, sent there merely because they were Quakers.

An ancient mariner was confined in a cell for no other reason than that he persisted in buying up every likeness of the King his small means would permit. That, they felt sure, was the act of a madman. But it was apparently a form of madness that the authorities liked, for the Council of State had a special meeting to arrange "that he should not be beaten but treated as well as the hospital could afford."

A Joseph Periam was sent there because he took the Bible too seriously according to people of those days, giving everything he had to the poor and obeying the Scriptural injunction to pray without ceasing so thoroughly and in such a loud voice that he kept the whole street awake.

Yet another patient was one whose case will interest crossword enthusiasts of to-day. Her name was Lady Davies,

wife of the Attorney-General for Ireland.

It happened that anagrams were the craze of the day, and she became an enthusiast. Then, making the alarming discovery that her husband's name, "John Davies," could be turned by an anagram into "Jove's hand," she felt sure this meant he was going to die, and donned widow's weeds at once.

It happened that he did die. It put the idea in her head that she was a modern prophetess. And when she discovered that her own name, Eleanor Davies, became "Reveal O Daniel" with a bit of anagrammatic juggling, the illusion was complete.

Her prophecies became so wild and troublesome after that that she was brought before a court, to the amusement of which the judge discovered that the name Dame Eleanor Davies could be construed into "never so mad a ladie." Probably to show that his discovery was prophetic as well, he had her put into Bedlam, where she spent the rest of her life with pen and paper writing anagrams.

Bedlam no more

Walsh, ringleader of the biggest British naval mutiny in history, the seizing of H.M.S. *Hermione* after its officers had been murdered in cold blood, ended his days there. Escaping after the mutiny, he enlisted under a false name and stood next to Nelson when he was killed at Trafalgar, the horror of which was supposed to have turned his head.

Hadfield, who fired a revolver at George III as he entered the Royal Box at Drury Lane, was another inmate. Then again there was Barnett, who shot Frances Kelly, the star at that same theatre, while she was on the stage.

Scores of musical compositions that were sung in their day the whole country over were written in Bedlam. The plans for a new wing were drawn up by an architect inmate in one of its cells. One of the greatest poems ever written, "Song of David," by Kit Smart, was penned there. The famous line "When Greek joined Greek"—still used although misquoted to-day—was written there as part of a great play. Nathaniel Lee wrote that. Perhaps he wasn't mad, really. To-day we would say it was claret.

To-day, with all our mistakes, we approach the subject of mental disorder sympathetically. We do not despise sufferers. We are glad to see the last of Bedlam. To-day, in its new country surroundings, it is Bethlehem Hospital—Bedlam no longer.

HAVE YOU APPLIED—

for your copy of JOHN BULL's great Holiday Presentation—THE BIG BOOK OF SHORT STORIES? If not, turn to pages 2 and 3 right away and act at once. There's no time to lose.



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“My 10 months old baby has been brought up from the age of 2 months entirely on Nestlé's Milk and Nestlé's Milk Food.

When she was two months, several people told me I shouldn't be able to rear her as she was so thin and her legs and arms were like sticks. She was losing several ounces in weight every week, until a friend advised me to try Nestlé's Milk. I am very glad that I did as baby gains 6 to 10 ozs. every week. She is now twenty-two lbs. 11½ ozs. up to Monday last. She also has 6 teeth which I think is due to her food.”

L.T. BRIGHTON.

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Take this case:

“For a long time I suffered with a terrible mouth, could not wear my artificial teeth for months and really thought I never would again . . . Dr. — attended me, finally he admitted he was puzzled and advised an operation. This, however, did not meet with approval at home, and one day my husband persuaded me to try Milton. This I did with wonderful results. The only trouble is, my mouth and teeth being so comfortable, I forget they want cleaning.”

MRS. W.,
ROTHERHAM.

Now why don't you try Milton for this, too?

Immediately Milton, if used as directed for the mouth and the teeth, will cleanse and sweeten your mouth. Your gums will become firm and healthy. Your dental plate will be burnished like new and become comfortable. And it cannot possibly injure your plate—unless it contains base metal (which it ought not to do).

Milton costs so little. It does so much.

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KEEP REGULAR

WITH

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PILLS

Sold
Everywhere.

WHEN King Edward landed on the Isle of Man just after his accession—the result of a sudden decision while cruising off Ireland in the royal yacht—the first question he fired at the people who met him was: "What is a Deemster?"

The quaintness and colourfulness of the name had always impressed him, just as it must have impressed everyone who a few days ago read the reports of the trial of Kaye Don, the racing motorist, by the First Deemster of the island on a charge of manslaughter.

And when the late King learned that Deemsters are the judges of the place, and that there are two of them, one representing the northern territory and the other the southern, he asked why they were not called judges, as they were "over the seas"—which is the only way a Manxman should describe England.

When they told him that everything was different about the Isle of Man, that they have their own laws, that an English Attorney-General once tried to master and gave up in despair, that their Parliament is so different that any Manxman has a right of appeal to it in open session, and that he himself, in fact, enjoyed a distinct and separate kingship on the island, a fact which he did not know, his mind was set at rest.

He is different

Many people have wondered all these things about the Deemster in the last week or two, and other things besides. They have pictured him strangely garbed, perhaps in robes of Middle Ages cut and hue, not knowing that his dress resembles that of the conventional wigged-and-gowned English barrister and that his mode of life is much the same as that of any judge or recorder in this country.

And yet the Deemster is different. The reports of the Kaye Don trial, in which the usher "fenced" off the court from the outside world and then, in curiously rolling phrases, warned all present against "quarrelling, brawling and making any disturbance," showed that.

And the language of the Deemster in passing sentence. . . . In what British court would one hear phraseology so redolent of Hall Caine's characters as:—

"Whether you agree with the verdict or whether you do not, I know that as a good citizen you will say in the interests of the whole community that the verdict must be accepted, that 'I have offended against the laws of the country and I must pay the penalty.'"

"I know that in the case of the sentence I am about to pass upon you, you will face it with as much courage—perhaps it may be even higher courage—than that which you have displayed in other vicissitudes in your life."

A verbal handshake from the bench for a man condemned to imprisonment. Where but in the romantic Isle of Man of blue eyes and Nordic hair and rich Celtic imagination could such sentimental words flow from the bench? And who but a Deemster could utter them?

The Deemster to-day may be only a judge, but by virtue of tradition he is much more besides. History would make him more of a judge than he would perhaps care to be.

For instance, what would he do if a married woman who had been taken by constraint invoked an ancient law and called upon him to bring down on the offender the vengeance of the law?

His quandary would be a thousand times worse if an unmarried woman were concerned. Then she would call upon the Deemster and demand from



Deemster Farrant, the Isle of Man's present law-giver

his hands a rope, a sword and a ring. These she would carry to the house of the offender, where she would be able to marry him with the ring, behead him with the sword or hang him with the rope at her choice.

In a hundred different ways the law gives him a freedom to exercise mercy denied to the most merciful judges on the mainland, a freedom which he exercises to this very day.

"Widow-right"

Take the case of the law which says that if the parents of a child marry "within a year or two" such child shall be legitimate. It is astonishing how frequently even to-day those words shield "love children" from malice and slander, and how liberally Deemsters interpret them.

How did it Happen?

ANOTHER country house fire. . . . Mystery cause. . . . Is it arson? Time and again of late such headlines as these have told of another mansion gutted and caused widespread speculation as to the result.

In the end most people have been driven to suppose that a spark has ignited some old beam and congratulated themselves that such catastrophes are impossible in their small, modern, mostly brick homes.

But is it impossible? The plight of a Gloucestershire family recently suggests it is not.

Finding the upper rooms filled with smoke, they found the fireplace in a bedroom that had known no fire for years was blazing for some unknown reason, and that the flames had already spread to the bed.

Then again his powers to safeguard the "widow-right" of the women who are left when their husbands die. Not only protects first wives against malicious men who cut them off with a shilling, as they have often done in England, but subsequent wives as well.

To order that a wife has inalienable rights in the possessions of her husband, to insist that a widow was just as much a breadwinner as her husband, to fight down on the other hand every effort of a woman who disputes that there is only one head of the household, and that head the husband—these are among the many powers given to the Deemster from which we in this country might very well learn, and which he wields firmly and justly.

To an extent he may insist on obedience to custom, as well as to law. And that appears to make him a kind of Wise Man of the island as well as a judge.

Well, and so he is. History made him a Pooh Bah long before he became a judge.

It was after the island had been centuries without law or any schedule of fines or punishment whatever that he was first elected, his task being to call for the help of the elders and worthies of the land in bringing order out of chaos.

"The Deemster"

Soon he had a whole host of offices of both priestly and legal significance.

He was Court Crier. He was Clerk of Arraignment. He became both the spokesman of the people and the executioner of those guilty of capital offences. And carrying out his duties with awful solemnity, he next became a wise man who both tendered opinion in the management of the country and offered advice and then, first obtaining the privilege to "shape the opinion of the court," graduated to judgeship.

In his day he has been both law-maker and law-giver. That is why, to-day, he is far less tied down to the formality of interpreting laws and passing sentence prescribed by law than is his brother judge on the mainland.

It may explain why he passed sentence of imprisonment for manslaughter in words more like those one would expect when brother chides brother.

The Deemster—it is an ancient word. At different times in history it has been Domesman, Deemer, Doomer, Domsman and Doomster. It is more probable than not that the name commemorates the grim duty he once had as executioner.

Liking, as the late King Edward did, the romantic ring of the name as used to-day, one is glad that his duties have changed. One likes him better speaking Christian phrases more heartfelt and homely than one is used to hearing in a court of law.

Here was a mystery that seemed as big as any concerning a mansion fire, until it was found that a common chimney served this fireplace and a grate that had been lit deliberately in a downstairs room. A spark from the downstairs fire to the upstairs room had started the outbreak. An undoubted solution—but poor consolation to a family faced with serious loss.

* * *

We saw to that, however, because they had qualified for our Free Insurance Gift by filling in the forms you can sign now on page 38.

You can't afford a private fire engine, like the owners of many country mansions. But that precaution will cost you nothing.

OUR VILLAGE LIFE IS VARIED —
BUT NOT SO ITS SHAVING CREAM!



The Doctor — even in our village — is a busy man. That's why he prescribes for himself Palmolive, with its quick lather.



But our Parson — he takes things more gently, giving thanks daily for Palmolive's long lasting lather.



Old Farmer Giles has his grumbles — about the weather and the fat stock prices — but admits Palmolive's small bubble lather is grand for a tough beard.



The Squire up at the Hall is used to the best — so he prefers Palmolive with its rich, refreshing lather, multiplying itself 250 times.



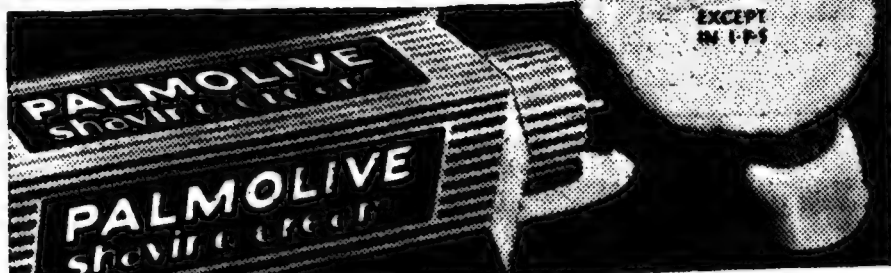
While Young Tom, the Squire's son, shaving twice a week as yet, finds Palmolive's pure olive oil content grateful to a tender skin.



So here's a village of contented men — Doctor, Parson, Farmer, Squire — all starting their days well with a good shave — with Palmolive Shaving Cream!

Many shaving creams give you one, two, or perhaps even three of these extremely desirable points. But only Palmolive, with its quick long lasting abundant lather, and pure olive oil content, can give you all five!

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A hot one with a teaspoonful of Rheumagic in it! That'll stop those aches and pains and prevent chill.

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Rheumagic (Brand) Liniment is exceptionally penetrating and pain stopping. Just dab on for Sprains, Strained Muscles, Bruises, etc. Also in 1/3 and 3/- bottles from your Chemist. In event of difficulty send 71d. in stamps for bottle to PICKUPS, LTD., 36, Strand, London, W.C.2.

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BONDMAN TOBACCO — because each ounce is sealed in a Vacuum Tin — is the most dependable and freshest smoke obtainable. You receive it as it left the factory — at the height of its maturity . . . rich, cool, mellow and satisfying. Try Bondman Virginia or Bondman Empire Blend to-day!

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When CORNS hurt like aching teeth



Worrying the top of a corn with a razor or caustic acid will only make matters worse. Get after the root. That is what causes all the pain by pressing on sensitive nerves. The quickest, safest and best plan is to rest your feet for a few minutes in a hot medicated and oxygenated foot-bath prepared with 'Reudel Bath Saltrates'. The oxygen carries special corn-loosening salts right down to the root so that it soon comes out as easily as the hull out of a strawberry. A 'Reudel' foot-bath also stops aches, pains, tenderness, burning, itching and the bad effects of acid perspiration. **MONEY BACK IF DISSATISFIED.**

VERY IMPORTANT NOTICE

If quick relief from corns and foot troubles is desired, on no account must 'Reudel Bath Saltrates' be confused with bath salts which lack curative action. Ask plainly for 'ROO-DEL' and see you get the **YELLOW** packet.

REUDEL Pronounced ROO-DEL
BATH Saltrates

1/6 & 2/6 Large **YELLOW** Packets

NO MORE GREY HAIR

If you are grey, you look much older than you should. Restore the natural youthful colour by using Valentine's Extract, which stains grey hair to any shade of brown, or to black. It is harmless, very lasting, and does not soil the linen.
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THE exacting care in the selection of the tobacco leaf, assuring a better taste and more satisfying smoke, is one of the primary reasons why Kensitas Cigarettes are enjoying greater popularity than ever. And the proof of a Cigarette is in the smoking! Kensitas Cigarettes are made only from the choicest centre leaves—the highly-prized, tender, ripe, clean centre leaves—the cream of the crop! Only these from the finest Virginia Tobacco can give you the smooth, satisfying flavour for which Kensitas are famous. Get a packet and try one—your own good taste will acclaim this better taste.

See p. 27.

When a NEW WORLD dawned

"CHANNEL Flown!" "Bravo, Bleriot!" A quarter of a century ago this week newspapers startled a world still sceptical about a new-fangled and risky

toy. Louis Bleriot's monoplane, a frail skeleton of timber, canvas-covered half-way, with pairs of hardly more than bicycle wheels fore and aft, took off into Channel mist from a stretch of high-lying grass between Calais and Wisant.

Thirty-seven minutes later Bleriot stood by his damaged craft among a small group in a meadow behind Dover Castle, with two policemen in the background wondering what constabulary duty should be done.

There is a bit of an air-screw blade broken off in the "crash" which is kept in M. Bleriot's Paris home among other flying mementoes. But the Channel had been flown!

That was five years before the Great War began; the war that was to give this heavier-than-air flying science so great an impetus.

Twenty years after its beginning men talk of flying to New York from London in a day by way of the Faroe Islands, Iceland, and Greenland, and to Tokyo over Norway and Siberia, both shortest routes along their respective "grand curves."

Britain has conquered her great Imperial ways to Cape Town and Port Darwin, though there is yet the break at Singapore, while other nations have ruled continents with air lines as an idle schoolboy might, out of sheer mischief, score an atlas.

Getting so far has been a story such as, perhaps, a Cervantes could tell with adequate imagery; and he could bring in the windmills, too. A Don Quixote of the not far future will see "windmills" in the sky as thick as sheep on a farm and like an army with banners.

SMALL motor-cycle aeroplanes and baby autogiros will create the man-in-the-air of to-morrow.

A child could pilot one of the new direct-control 'giros which cannot stall, spin or slip, and is all but fool-proof, while one could do more harm to himself falling off a bike than he would be likely to do mishandling one of these "clowns of the sky."

"Windmills" are, in fact, the most intriguing modern development in aviation. They have no fixed wings, not even the aileron supports of the older type in the new kind, and there are no elevators.

Control, except by rudder for direction, is effected by tilting the rotor vanes. And baby windmills are cheap to buy and run, are easily garaged, and want no more room than a tennis-court to get out of or drop into.

They are the opposite extreme to the luxury air-liner. Probably the man-in-the-air will become a sort of pedestrian in the air, requiring aerial "lanes" to tell him where to cross, and fines to prevent him "joy-windmilling."

This very month hundreds of light "production" aeroplanes at small saloon-car prices are due for delivery. Autogiro factories, too, are busy on rush orders. Prices and production react.

Soon flying and motoring will be comparable in capital expenditure, mainten-

ance charges, and fuel, oil, and repair costs for reasonable mileage. And we who are compelled to spend most of our time on the ground will thank Nature for three dimensions and pray for a fourth. A noiseless one for preference.

Learning to fly costs round about fifty pounds. But "production" craft will bring any such figure down with a bump for two reasons.

ONE is that instruction fees will reflect lower general costs and the other is that supply and demand operate here as elsewhere.

It is the comparative smallness of the circle of flying clientele, with corresponding high relative overheads in all departments of aviation, which explains why private flying is at present such an expensive game.

But it may soon be that the small

by **FRED MONTAGUE**
(Former Under-Secretary of State for Air)

man will be able to buy a flying "machine" instead of a car for his week-ends and go for a sun-bath above the clouds each morning while the bacon grills.

Although flying is no "proletarian" sport yet, unless by way of flying clubs, holiday air travel will come well within the means of the secure, well-paid workers.

One can fly a long way in a day. Under conditions when the counter-sinking of an otherwise projecting nut can add a mile an hour to speed, every improvement in stream-line design means a longer way.

And this means time costs on the journey wiped out. To Hamburg for lunch and over Northern Germany and



Louis Bleriot in the crazy machine in which he flew the Channel twenty-five years ago

the lower islands of Denmark to Malmö, in Sweden, for tea is a time-table reality now.

Few people think of flying otherwise than as a means of human transport or of human destruction. It has a much larger range. Do you want diamonds straight from the mine brought over swamps and brigand-infested rocks? Charter an aeroplane and save insurance!

Have you a passion for bar gold? You can at least be more aware of its guarded presence on the tarmac than when crossing Threadneedle Street.

Do you like snails? Millions of them go by air alive at nothing like a snail's pace. Cut flowers, ice—fresh for dinner tables—are flown high in a natural refrigerator.

Even bashful young potatoes fly; and entirely French French beans. All insured, including lobsters, against crashing! Then lions, tigers, monkeys and snakes for zoos, and pedigree stock for farmers, take the great air way.

There is another civilised use for aircraft, and it has to do with spreading poison over the earth. Nothing in it of human folly. The enemy is the crop pest, which is kept down in the prairies by dusting and spraying.

Sometimes pestiferous insects are fought with supplies of their natural enemies. Aeroplanes bring millions of wasps to Louisiana every week to deal with sugar-cane moth-borers.

FOREST fires are seen and fought before they get much of a start. These uses place air-science, so far, on the side of civilisation.

Bleriot flew the Channel twenty-five years ago. He may not even have dreamt of war. He could not have imagined a quarter of what aviation means to-day.

What does he dream of the next twenty-five years? Louis Bleriot is a humane and kindly-natured man.

SIDE-SLIPS

WREXHAM LEADER:—"Below is a list of the presents received: BRIDE to bride fur coat."

LLANELLY AND COUNTY GUARDIAN:—"Through a streak of unforeseen luck they sell a son for 300 dollars."

EVENING HERALD:—"The lifeboat hurried out and towed the disabled yacht into harbour. No LIES were lost."

BIRKENHEAD NEWS:—"The names having been chalked on a BLACKBIRD."

NOTTINGHAM EVENING POST:—"A young competitor who carried off the premier award in a class was told that her VALVE sounds were terrible and her English bad."

THE YORKSHIRE OBSERVER:—"A big block of BATS will be erected on the site."

SOUTHEND STANDARD:—"The Borough Combination was a NEVER-growing organization."

DAILY DISPATCH:—"wasted a lot of time in useless FAINTING."

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side Slips."

NORTHERN DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"Business in the Stock Exchange is again of modest dimensions."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"We lived on BOATS' milk, cheese, and fresh figs."

HULL AND LINCOLNSHIRE TIMES:—"These words convey practically nothing to the patient's WIND."

£5,000 Pigeon Derby

Enter now for the great £5,000 Pigeon Derby for Young Birds to be flown on September 1. All registrations must be received on or before August 13.

There are ten prizes of £200, and the remaining £3,000 will be divided into hundreds of cash prizes for each county. In addition, there is a handsome Gold Trophy and a Challenge Cup. Send in your registrations right away to the Secretary, Pigeon Derby (Dept. J.), 222-5 Strand, London, W.C.2.

Change to GIBBS!



Perpetually pure

Modern Dental Science approves and recommends Gibbs Dentifrice because its cleans teeth and mouth thoroughly and safely, and is itself thoroughly hygienic and germ-resisting. Gibbs Dentifrice is self-sterilising, kills germs in a few seconds. Its germ-destroying properties are as effective at the last brushful as at the first.

Use Gibbs Dentifrice twice a day and see how sparkling white your teeth become; how well and refreshed you feel. Buy your Gibbs to-day.

Gibbs SOLID DENTIFRICE

Popular Size 7½d. Large 1/- De Luxe 1/6.
Refills 11d. Or may be had in Tubes:
Gibbs Tooth Paste 6d and 1/-

GD 815

Help Kidneys

● If Kidney Trouble or Bladder Weakness makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Dizziness, Rheumatism, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting, Itching or Acidity, try the Guaranteed Cystex (Sise-tex) Treatment. Must cure or money back. At Boots, Taylors, Timothy White's and all chemists.

SECTO KILLS



ALL INSECTS

FROM CHEMISTS 7-4



Agonising NEURITIS - blame

YOUR RADIAL NERVE

Neglect can lead to Complete Nervous Breakdown

MANY a Nervous Breakdown has started from a "slight strain in the arm". Of course it wasn't a strain but nerve weakness setting up neuritis in the Radial Nerve. Cases of unrecognised "nerves" are all too frequent. Nerve trouble is generally the very last thing you suspect although it may be and very often is the root of your illness. And because it is unrecognised it goes untreated and naturally it gets worse... until Nervous Breakdown occurs.

YOUR NERVES NEED THIS SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT

You are half-way to perfect health when you have recognised that nerves are the cause of your pain and suffering. All that remains is to take a course of Dr. Cassell's Tablets, the only scientific treatment for weak and impoverished nerves. You risk nothing in doing so, for the purchase price will be refunded without question should you feel no better. It is because the manufacturers of Dr. Cassell's Tablets know that they will benefit your nerves just as they have benefited thousands of others that they make this unique offer. They know from their experience that the essential nerve nutrients and restoratives contained in Dr. Cassell's Tablets first relieve pain and tenderness, then tranquillise the whole of the nervous system, and finally restore it to complete and lasting health. In all cases of

HEADACHE, INSOMNIA, NEURITIS, INDIGESTION, NERVOUS DEBILITY

don't neglect your symptoms another day. Take them for what they are—a warning that your nerves are thoroughly run-down and debilitated, and begin a course of Dr. Cassell's Tablets for the Nerves to-day.

DR. CASSELL'S TABLETS

BRAND

The Nerve Tonic that gets at the CAUSE of your Trouble

"I FELT MYSELF GROWING WEAKER EVERY DAY."

Neuritis is like that... it reduces strong, healthy men like Mr. Koen, of Stepney, to utter weakness:—"The pains were dreadful. I felt myself growing weaker every day. Utter weariness overtook me. I was wise enough to take a course of Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Not only did pains disappear, but my health improved from the beginning. It is a wonderful feeling to regain one's strength in this way."

THE FORMULA—HOW IT ACTS

TO RESTORE YOUR NERVES there are the valuable nerve nutrients, the Glycophosphates, Hypophosphites and Phosphates. They supply the element Phosphorus which your brain and your nerves need if they are to be restored to health.

TO REVITALISE YOUR NERVES there are three natural vegetable ingredients—Kola Semina, Caffeine and Theobromine—which have a remarkable strengthening effect on your heart, driving away nervous depression and clearing the brain.

TO ENRICH YOUR BLOOD there are the valuable Hamatinics (blood-forming elements), Iron-Manganese-Calcium. All signs of Anemia due to weak nerves (the most common cause) are quickly overcome. Iron alone is not enough in your nervous condition.

TO STIMULATE YOUR DIGESTION there is a special ingredient added which scientists call an Enzyme. This is Pepsin. It has a wonderful effect in stimulating the digestion, and recent medical research has proved that in relieving Nervous Debility, Pepsin is invaluable.

TO ELIMINATE TOXINS OR POISONS which are paralyzing your nerves there is present Sodium Phenol-p-Sulphonate, a unique substance, the most powerful known to Medical Science for neutralising internal poisons.

FAIR PLAY OFFER

Buy a 1/3 bottle of Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Take two to-night and see how much better you feel in the morning. The Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester 16, will refund your money if you are not entirely satisfied.

Prices 1/3 & 3/- from all chemists

A UNIQUE HOLIDAY BARGAIN

10/11

Only Send 1/6 Deposit

K. 354. This smartest of holiday frocks is yours on approval before you actually purchase. The texture? Good quality printed uncrushable Crepe... The style? Fashion's latest and most charming new vogue. Dainty round neck... frills and scalloped delight every feminine heart... gored skirt pointed at waist... belt tying at back. Yours to-day for just 1/6 deposit, refunded unless you are more than pleased. Balance 2/6 monthly if preferred. Special Bargain Price 10/11. W.N. 2/- extra.

Sizes range: S.W. 44, 46, W. 46, 48, 50, W.X. 48, 50.
Colours (Floral Shades on White Ground): New Blue, Primrose, Cherry, Apple Green.



Please send me, on approval, Frock, Model K. 354, at present Price of 10.11.

Colour

Size and Length

I enclose 1/6 deposit, with 6d. postage, and will remit balance of price either in one sum or by monthly instalments of 2/6. If not satisfied, and I return the Frock at once unworn, you will refund my deposit. Enclose Coupon with full name and address and P.O. crossed thus //.

Overseas and Irish Free State full rate only.

Post your Order at once to—

ARMOUR WILSON, Ltd., 500, Ambrose House, 60, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

Information for all who shave.

The perfect blade in the making.

Eternal vigilance, the ever watchful eye. This is one of the most important factors on which the production of good quality razor blades depends. All through the different processes, the blades have to be watched, tested and inspected. Always on the look out, ready to stop the slightest fault which might creep in. Eternal vigilance is one of the secrets of success with Stead Razor Blades.

Know the meaning of true shaving comfort—use

STEAD RAZOR BLADES

FROM the STEAD WALLET 7 BLADES for 6d.

Buy your weekly wallet on the way home. Boots, Taylor's Drug Stores, W.H. Smith & Son's Bookstalls and all good Dealers & Chemists stock them.

FREE Post this Coupon in an unsealed envelope (4d. stamp) to-day and you will receive post free a sample "Stead Blade" in a "Stead" Wallet.

To J. Stead & Co., Ltd., Manor Works, Sheffield. Please send me Free Sample "Stead" Blade in Wallet.

Name

Address

How YOU can end the Agony of ULCERS

Aren't you tired of that endless throbbing PAIN? Aren't you weary of hobbling about the house, a drag on others and a misery to yourself? And isn't it time you stopped spending money on useless treatments that might cure you—but never do?

Well, you can end all that pain, misery and expense—**TO-DAY! GERMOLENE**, the 'Magic Ointment,' is a remedy whose efficacy has been PROVED by countless former sufferers. Germolene Ointment will bring to you the same instant soothing, permanent healing that it has brought to so many others. Read this:—

"Two months ago I fell and caught my leg. It began to spread and run, and within a week turned to ULCERS. After trying 8 weeks to cure it, my husband brought home a tin of Germolene. WITHIN ONE WEEK it is completely healed!"—Mrs. Brown, 12, Warwick Crescent, Paddington, W.2.

1/3 AND 3/4
Germolene
ASEPTIC OINTMENT

Feel how nagging pain stops—in ONE MINUTE! See how quickly Germolene brings perfect, permanent healing. Get your tin of Germolene Ointment to-day.

WINNINGS BY RETURN.

LETTER COMMISSIONS

1/-, 2/-, 2/6, 5/-, 10/-
UP TO ANY AMOUNT

MAY BE INVESTED BY LETTER
in accordance with rules.

STEWARDS' CUP ST. LEGER

BIG ODDS—EVERY HORSE QUOTED

Daily Commissions bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race WILL BE ON at FULL STARTING PRICE (or Totalisator Odds if desired).

Registered letters must be posted overnight.

GREYHOUND RACING

Commissions accepted for all meetings licensed by the N.G.R.C.

NO LIMIT—WIN OR PLACE
FOR SINGLE EVENTS.

FREE POSTAGE

EVERY COMMISSION ACKNOWLEDGED
WITH STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE

USE THIS COUPON

Please send Greyhound Rules and Long Odds Future Events Price Lists. I am over 21 years of age.

Name
Address
Town
County J.B.

DAVID COPE
ALFRED H. MAURICE, L.R.S.
27, BATH STREET, GLASGOW C.2

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

DRESSED as a parson, I was motor-ing through desolate Cornwall to a fancy dress ball, when a shepherd asked for a lift.

His daughter, he explained, was dying, so I drove him home. Arrived at the cottage, his wife begged me to go in, as her little girl wanted to pray.

At the bedside of the dying child I felt inspired, and when she asked, "Have you come to pray with me?" I unhesitatingly replied "Yes." Together we prayed until the end. To have revealed that I was not a parson would have been cruel.—R. D. W., Gloucester.

Remarried

"Missing, believed killed!" What tragedy can lie behind those words! I landed at a North Sea port five years after the Armistice, having wandered through Germany with my mind a blank.

My memory suddenly restored, I hastened to my wife, arriving home after dark. Unrecognised, my carefully guarded enquiries revealed the fact that she was happily remarried with two children.

Grief-stricken, I realised that the truth would be the refinement of cruelty, and I left the town that night for ever.—A. L., East Croydon.

Only Brass

During the recent gold rush when I was working as a pawnbroker's assistant, a nervous old lady tendered her wedding ring for sale. One look at it, and I took a longer look at the old lady.

Satisfied with what I read in that lined old face, I paid her full price for the ring; she left the shop murmuring her thanks.

The amount I had paid I put back into the till, then I threw the ring away. How could I tell that pathetic old soul the wedding ring she had worn so many years was only brass?—Miss H., Brixton.

"Best Mother"

Red-eyed, shabbily dressed, she sat in the waiting-room; between sobs telling how she'd denied herself to give him a real start in life; of her pride when lagard letters arrived reporting progress; how she'd waited for the visit he was always going to pay, but never did. Then she asked, "What were his last words, nurse?"

Glibly I lied, "He died saying, 'I've the best mother in the world.'"

She seemed exalted as I let her out. I can't think God will condemn me for the untruth—the son had been a waster, a thief—he'd gone out with a curse upon his lips.—Miss F., Notts.

Thoughtless Remark

Trying to "place" an event, an old friend unthinkingly remarked: "I'm sure it happened two years before the war, the year you were married."

I could read my daughter's startled thought: "But that was three years after I was born!"

Later I told her that my present husband, whom she adored, really was her father; that he had gone abroad some months before she was born, and had afterwards returned and married me.

It would have been cruel to tell her the truth; that her father, my first husband, died in prison after completing two years of a life sentence.—Mrs. F., Lancs.

Race with "Silver Ring"

ONCE again it has been demonstrated it is unwise to plan too far ahead at the racing game. The connections of the Stewards' Cup candidates, Garry and Greenore, paid forfeit for the former. Anyway, the pointer is obvious, and I shall rely upon

GREENORE

to win. Captain O. Bell knows what is required. He may saddle also Maid of Essex, but for the task in hand Greenore is preferred.

My each-way long-shot is Havelock. I hate to pass over Corrado, who did us a good turn in the Wokingham Stakes, but to win with 9 at 8 lb. the colt will have to be a super-champion. The weight, or over, has not been successfully carried for eighty years.

The record stands to the credit of a horse named Longbow, who, in 1853, won with 9 at 9 lb. up.

The Chesterfield Cup, made famous by the lion-hearted Dean Swift, may be won by Statesman.

A little coincidence bird points out the number of animals whose names began with the letter V which won this race: Vespasian, Villager, Victor Emanuel



America in the bread-line

The Last Hour

The old lady's son had gone out to America to win a fortune. Hopeful letters reached her, anxious in England. . . .

Then, stricken by a severe illness and in the last hour of her life, the old lady received a letter from America. I was at her bedside and she motioned me to read it to her.

It told of her son's failure and despair; of privation and the bread-line.

It was pathetically easy to deceive the dying woman by reading out from the letter of her son's sudden success. . . . I did it without a qualm to make her last hour a happy one.—H. A. McC., Glasgow.

Light-Fingers

The falling of my fiancé was light-fingers. Having left him alone in a room, I saw him through a mirror rummaging in a table drawer. Later, when a ring was missing, I was in no doubt about where certain of my own things must have gone.

Weeks afterwards his mother asked me why her son and I had fallen out.

I told her that I did not think I was healthy enough to marry. Had I spoken truly it would have broken her heart, for in her eyes he was nothing less than an angel.—Stonhenge, East Midlands.

Kept Quiet

He couldn't walk, but that was the extent of his troubles. Constantly a devoted daughter tended him, getting little but grumbles in return.

I sat with him. He began, "The world was hard, friends unsympathetic, his suffering ignored."

Had I spoken the truth, I'd have replied: "Quit self-pity and despondency. You can hear, see, think, read—

THAT Cruel Truth I couldn't TELL

count your blessings, man; you've no right to throw gloom around with unceasing whining."

But that would have hurt him, and, indirectly—her; so I put on an understanding look and remained silent.—R. H., Seaham.

Vacant Stool

When our firm amalgamated with a one-time rival our head clerk was on holiday. In his absence staff reductions were discussed by the directors, and I happened to hear that the poor fellow was to go.

When he returned fit and well, and I prepared for my own holiday, he remarked: "Don't worry about anything, old man. I feel ten years younger after my holiday, and equal to any post the directors may give me."

I shook hands and smiled, but said nothing. On my return, his stool stood vacant.—H. P. W., Southampton.

Discreet Dealer

Before the war my brother, although not a very successful artist, could paint well enough to earn a living; but he came back nerve-shattered and hopeless.

He still fondly imagined he could paint—but the dealers thought otherwise. Unable to find a market, he lost heart, and was sinking into despair when I begged him to do some pictures for a dealer I knew on a commission basis.

To his great delight the dealer was able to sell them all at fair prices. My brother is a proud and happy man now—but I have all his pictures, and the dealer is kindly discreet.—H. B., Bedford.

Unnerved by Fear

He was only nineteen years of age, and I had to tell his mother that he was dead.

"How did it happen?" she asked at last through her tears. "It will hurt, but I want to treasure the memory of how my boy died for his country."

I hope I may be forgiven for describing an epic battle in the air, in which, after shooting down two enemy planes, her son's machine crashed in flames. For how could I tell her that constant fear of death had unnerved him, and that he had shot himself?—E. R., W.12.

Pitiful Grief

A business acquaintance of mine had a dear little son, four years old, who was terrified when his father had had too much drink.

One evening the child saw him come round the corner the worse for drink. Afraid, he ran into the street, and was badly injured by a car.

The father's grief was pitiful, and I'd have been cruel to tell him he was the cause of his boy's accident, particularly as he has not touched drink since then.—"Typist," New Malden.

Lost Nearly All

I lived with a very lovable elderly aunt who was nearly blind, and who told me that she was going to leave me all her money.

Alas! the greater part of her investments were lost through a company crash, but when she used to ask me the date and if her dividends had come, I said, "Yes, I paid them into the bank this morning."—Miss M. J., Middlessex.

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below not exceeding 100 words are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, July 31.

The Friend I Miss Most

Goodwood "Goods"

(twice). Vibration (twice). Veracity. Velocity and Volta's Pride. Well, I hope another Victor Emanuel will do it this time—for a gentleman of that name owns Statesman!

I have noted that Digby has been giving the Ascot Stakes winner, Hands Off, some strong work, which leads me to suggest that in view of the gelding's fine stamina, he will probably capture the Goodwood Stakes.

The best bets at Hurst Park this weekend may be Spend a Penny, Monte Colaro and Flying Orders.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, July 26, to Wednesday, August 1.

Q C 93 B 94 M R 98 T F O A P U X Z

H J I 95 E D W N 96 G S K V Y 97 L

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

OVKMD94 would read SPADE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. O98S2A94W would read SNOOKER.

NEW LIFE AT FORTY-FIVE.

How Women Can Overcome the Trials of Middle Age.

"I feel better than I have done for years," says many a woman of middle age who has found in Dr. Williams' pink pills just the health-help that a woman needs at this critical time of life.

Often even the strongest woman has reason to be distressed at the disturbances of health that make themselves apparent at middle age.

She finds herself worrying over things that never troubled her before; she grows low-spirited and depressed, violent headaches and back pains assail her, while palpitation, feverish flushes and buzzing noises in the head cause her much misery.

Over and over again it has been proved that the finest health-help any woman can have at this very trying time is a course of Dr. Williams' pink pills. By their remarkable power of increasing and enriching the blood, these pills impart new strength and vitality to the whole system.

After you have tried Dr. Williams' brand pink pills you will understand why they are so highly praised by the thousands of women who have found in them a new lease of life.

You can buy Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any chemist at 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 2s. 6d.)

FREE. Every woman of middle age should read the booklet "Nature's Warnings," sent free to all who write to C.E. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

BEER

1st PER PINT
PURE ALE or STOUT—
Splendid tonic and food.
Easily made at home.

FROM VIGGORMALT
PURE TRIPLE-STRENGTH EXTRACT OF
RICH MALT & HOPS ONLY

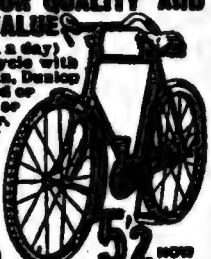
Simply add cold water. Get your Viggormalt from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, International, Co-ops., Perkes, or any Store, Chemist, or Grocer; or send P.O. or Stamp to Viggormalt Ltd. (Dept. 48), Davidge Road, Hove, Sussex.

Sample Offers for
Men and Women!

Don't overlook the special offers made by the Shavers-Zeekol Co. on the Back Cover. Men who have not yet experienced the New Shaver method of shaving are invited to cut out the coupon for a free sample tube. Women who have never tried Dose Cream, the new complexion restorer, are given the opportunity of securing a free sample tube in return for the coupon appearing in the advt. Other offers appear in the advt. in which samples of Zeekol Ointment and Pills and, if required, a sample of Zeekol Medicated Soap can be obtained by cutting out the coupon.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD
FOR QUALITY AND
VALUE

52 per month (less than 2d. a day) buys the Graves 'FLIGHT' Cycle with Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Denison Tyres, Chromium Plate, Ralston or Dropped Handlebars, Lady's or Gent's with Accessories. Carry Paid £3.17.6 or £2 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmev-Archer 3-Speed £4.17.6 or £3 monthly. Catalogue Free. Ladies', Gent's, Jewellers', and Traders' Cycles, Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, Club Models J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

Another attack of
GIDDINESS?Momentary, yet decidedly unpleasant
—just another warning that
Nicotine Poison is at work.

No, you need not vow to give up smoking, or even curtail it in the slightest. A *Nic-o-cin* pastille taken over night will counteract all nicotine's harmful effects... will neutralize all the nicotine, tobacco tar, etc., absorbed from the day's smoking. *Nic-o-cin* makes all smoking a pleasure. Your last smoke of the day will taste as good as your first. On waking in the morning your palate will be sweet, clean and refreshed. Get a tin of *Nic-o-cin* to-day. It is the smokers' only safeguard—guaranteed perfectly safe and effective.

6^d & 2¹/₆

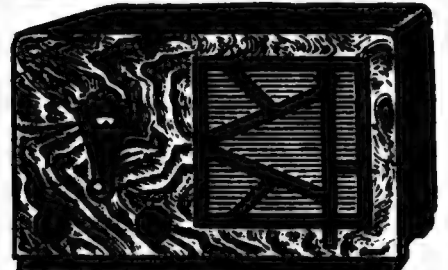
from all chemists, Tobacconists and Stores. The 26 tin contains six times the 6d. tin.

Nic-o-cin
★neutralizes nicotine

— AND KEEPS SMOKERS FIT

Yet
She Had
a Shiny Nose!

A little perspiration from dancing and she found her complexion ruined. Her powder would not stay on. Her nose shone and her skin looked greasy. Frequent use of the puff seemed of no avail. She did not know that just a little Mousse of Cream in her powder would have made a world of difference. Mousse of Cream is an exclusive Tokalon patent process. It makes the powder stay on in spite of a hot sun, wind, rain, or perspiration from dancing in over-heated rooms, or playing tennis. It prevents your nose from getting shiny and makes your skin as smooth as satin. Mousse of Cream is the reason Poudre Tokalon is the most popular and widely used face powder. Try it to-day and see how different it is from ordinary powders. 6d. and 1/- a box.

Poudre Tokalon
Mousse of Cream Face Powder.GRAVES Beats the World
For Quality & Value

Make sure of having the best by installing GRAVES-NATIONAL 3-Valve Battery-driven self-contained Set. It is a triumph of Radio skill and enterprise, and gives you countless hours of pleasurable entertainment.

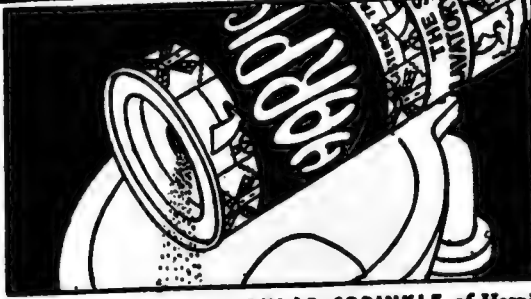
Every component the best of its class. Steel Chassis, British Valves, Illuminated Tuning Dial, Figured Walnut Cabinet 17 x 10 x 9 in. IT HAS A SPECIAL COIL CIRCUIT USING NON-CORED RADIO FREQUENCY COILS, AND PERMANENT MAGNET MOVING COIL LOUD SPEAKER OF ADVANCED DESIGN. H.T. Battery, Accumulator & Aerial Equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid £8.10.0 or 9/- monthly. Fullest Approval. NO CHARGE FOR EASY TERMS. Mr. R. J. M. of Shelton, writes:—"On December 22nd, 1933, I received the National 3-Valve Set, and after testing same for 6 months, I am more than satisfied. Its performance, tone and economy in upkeep are a credit to you. I should say it has no equal on the market. I am writing this after trying several other well known makes, and can say it is far in advance of any."

Mr. C. W. E. of London, E. 16, writes:—"I received the National Set, and had it working in half an hour, and am delighted with its remarkable power and lovely tone."

GRAVES-NATIONAL 3-VALVE SET FOR A.C. MAINS fitted with finest components, including iron-cored Radio Frequency Coils, latest pattern Moving Coil Loud Speaker. Beautifully figured Walnut Cabinet. Complete in all respects. Carriage Paid £9.0.0 or 12/- monthly. NO CHARGE FOR EASY TERMS. WRITE FOR CATALOGUE of these and other self-contained Radio Sets of latest design for Mains or Batteries including Hand Pump, Super-Hot Sets, etc. J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

"AT LAST I NEEDN'T CARE
WHO SEES MY LAVATORY"

"I'VE STOPPED THIS NOW—no more of this unpleasant scrubbing for me, now I know the brush can't possibly be cleaning the lavatory-pan properly, because it can't reach the bend in the pipe as Harpic does."



"NOW JUST THIS REGULAR SPRINKLE of Harpic cleans the lavatory-pan for me easily in one operation, removes the cause of odours, and does it safely, without dangerous acids, or any of the usual disagreeable scrubbing."



"A SPOTLESS, SANITARY LAVATORY-PAN is assured by the strong disinfectant action of Harpic when dissolved in the water. Harpic safeguards your family's health—it does its work thoroughly, and lightens yours, as if by magic."

HARPIC—CLEANS and DISINFECTS LAVATORY-PANS 6d. 1/- & 1/9 HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD. HULL AND LONDON—HARPIC

WIN A LIFE INCOME

£5

EVERY MONTH FOR LIFE

BIG CHEQUE

£300

and FREE HOLIDAYS

£25

HOLIDAY CHEQUE YEARLY

OR ONE LUMP SUM OF

£600

INCREASED HOLIDAY PRIZE FOR RUNNERS-UP

£150

BONUS AWARD £100 FOR RUNNERS-UP FROM WHOM WE RECEIVED TWO OR MORE ENTRIES IN SAME ENVELOPE



OPEN ONE WEEK ONLY
—Use Squares Below!

THIS country is on its way back to prosperity, but what about you?
Would not a fine 3-in-1 prize of a £5 monthly Pension, a lump sum of £600, with a £25 yearly Holiday Cheque, solve all your problems to-day?
Remember, too, that in addition to the wonderful First Prize, there is as much as £250 for distribution amongst Runners-up as announced above.
Weigh up each word of the Clues, fill up your squares with care and common-sense and see that they reach "John Bull" by noon, Thursday, August 2.
Then, a few days later, a telegram may declare you the First Prize-winner and make all your dreams of ease and independence come true!

JOHN BULL will pay a Life Pension of £5 a month, £300 Cash and a Holiday Cheque yearly of £25 (or a lump sum of £600) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below.
Falling a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution.
An increased Holiday Prize of £150 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution.
An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope.
Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 9, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 16.

FREE AID FOR YOU!
In our free weekly "Crossword Gazette" the "John Bull" compiler gives aid with his puzzles which has helped scores of his winners to succeed. Use coupon on Bull's page to secure each week your free "Bull's Bulletin" with which the "Crossword Gazette" is incorporated.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW.
These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.

STUDY THESE CLUES

- ACROSS
- Place for entertainment
 - Was often consulted by ancients
 - "Here we — again!"
 - Your eldest is your heir
 - Tool-house
 - Exclamation of rebuke
 - Pain which affects your hearing
 - Silly nonsense
 - Kiddies love ice-cream in one
 - Pet name for dog
 - Describes the beef of Old England
 - Twelfth part of a foot
 - Moving ball
 - Manufacturers
 - Retain
 - Returns a bad coin to you
 - Are often seen at edge of pathways

- DOWN
- Dark one may cause you to trip up
 - Bookmaker relies upon
 - Timid bather goes in fear of
 - Where the sun rises
 - It lots in the air
 - Her face is red when she's this
 - Is often seen round the moon
 - Hole in his pocket accounts for this
 - Affects progress of love affair
 - Often wins her admiration
 - America goes to extremes in this
 - Britain's strength rests upon
 - They go along in the water
 - Is hard to see in the long grass
 - Horses
 - Brave fellow
 - What Fido does at visitor
 - It ruins timber
 - Belonging to a woman

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

- Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE, for four squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co.; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON Thursday, August 2.
- In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid and no correspondence will be entered into.
- Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 16, 1934. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, August 28, 1934, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may alter the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £150 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.
- In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared £600 cash will be paid instead of the three-in-one award.
- Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.
- Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.
- Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

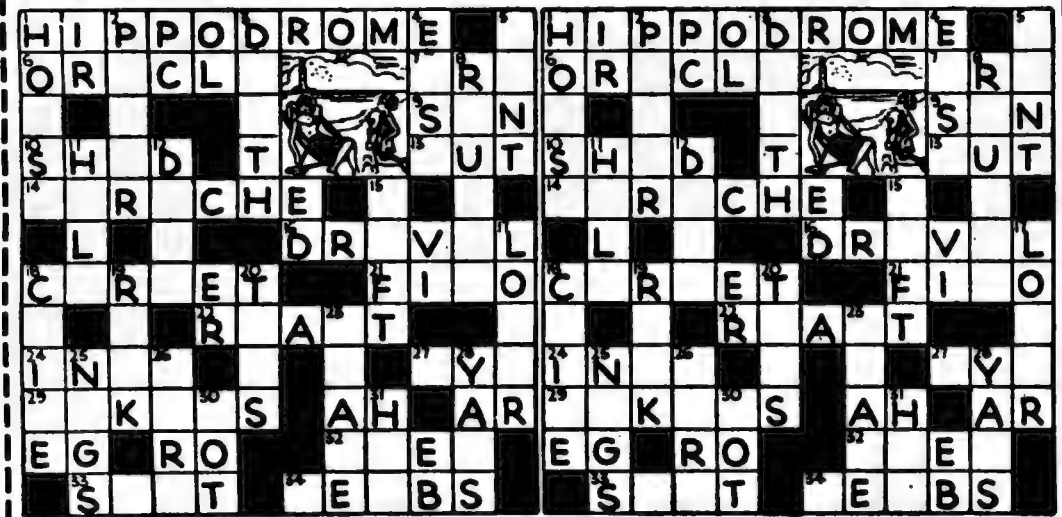


NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE
A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's First Prize-winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the First Prize be shared the £5 will be divided between share's Newsagents.

Solution and Winners in Competition No. 267 and Solution of Competition No. 268 will be published in "John Bull" next week as announced.

Bonus Winners in Crossword No. 265.
Eighty-one competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered, and payments of £1 4s have been despatched.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 269—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1934



JB 269

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

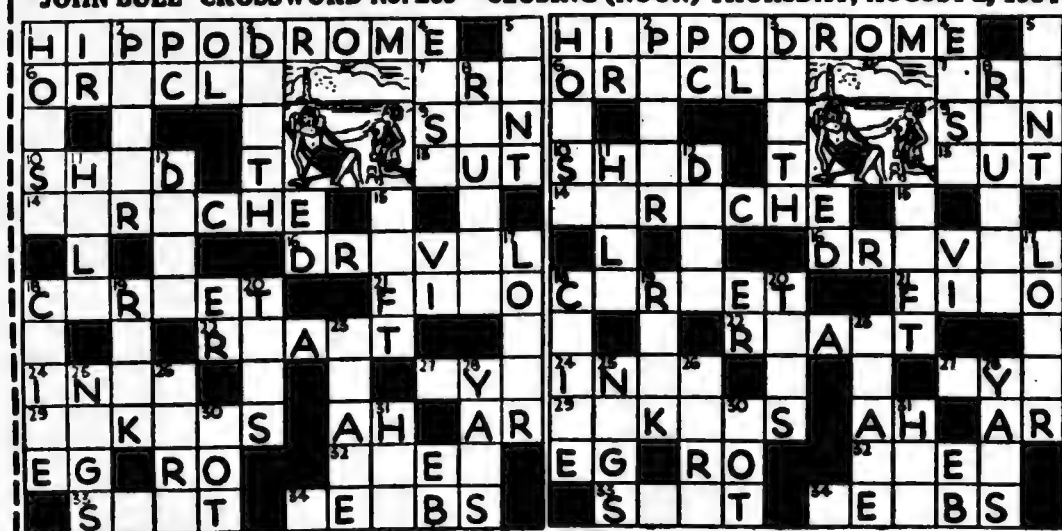
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 269—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1934



JB 269

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

ADDRESS ENTRY "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 269, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED.

The Editor Laughs LAST



G. M. (Paddington): "There are some trunks no porter will handle." We don't blame them.

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

J. D. (Glacton).— "Although I have never seen you, I have a picture of you in my mind." We're bigger than that!

G. L. (Norwich).— "I wish I could lose my old safety-razor blades." Tie them to your collar-stud at night.

W. S. (Torquay).— "Hiking leaves my ankles hot and inflamed." You sound nettled.

BUBBING ARTIST (Chelsea).— "What materials ought I to use for a seascape?" Water colours.

FURRIER (Aldgate).— "Fifty musquash rats will make a lady's coat." We don't believe they have the intelligence to do it.

H. N. (Wivenhoe).— "I love to lie in a hammock when it is very hot." We prefer a cool one.

SPORT (Biggleswade).— "To win games to-day it is absolutely necessary to go all out." Except at cricket.

AMERICAN (Strand).— "You Londoners have a high old time." That is so. We call it Big Ben.

PHYSICAL CULTURIST (London, S.W.).— "I have refused to adopt the 24-hour clock." You still keep to the daily dozen?

MABEL (Manchester).— "I've spent down to my last penny trying to get slim." So now you'll get slim naturally.

STUDENT (Guy's).— "What does a young doctor want when he has got on the panel?" Patience and patients.

Artist (Chelsea).— "I do not know whether to paint 'Echo' as a man or a woman—I think it should be a woman." But an echo only speaks when it is spoken to.

T. C. (Everton).— "I became a contractor, but the business failed." You only contracted.

INVESTOR (Manchester).— "I am putting £500 into a new blast furnace." You're fortunate having money to burn.

OURIOUS (Cupar).— "If a man leaves a thousand pounds without a will, what comes after that?" His relations.

The Kid



JANE (London, W.1).— "My job as washer-up in a big restaurant is terribly monotonous." But it isn't dry.

B. L. (Worthing).— "Lasting lessons are impressed on a child at his mother's knee." And across his father's.

CHARLADY (London, E.C.4).— "I am a favourite with all the clerks at the offices I clean." Evidently you swept your way into popularity.

M.P. (Westminster).— "My most persistent disturber at this meeting was a reformed burglar." But he hadn't broken off the habit of breaking in.

FATHER (Putney).— "Schoolchildren know far more than their parents do nowadays." So you've been trying to help with the homework?

JUGGLER (Halesowen).— "There is little difference between juggling and balancing." Some company directors have found this a costly theory.

VAGABOND (Bermondsey).— "Hearing a man play the guitar in the street seemed to give me courage." It was the "pluck! pluck! pluck!" that did it.

Detective (Scotland Yard).— "A crook once tried to throttle me, and I can tell you it was an exciting experience." Quite took your breath away, in fact!

R. B. (Birmingham).— "Our recent debating contest was won by a railway signalman." We suppose he stuck to his points.

K. L. S. (Kensington).— "I am sending my play for your opinion. Do you think it will come off?" Yes, about the second night.

L. F. (Eccles).— "Is there any reason why I should not start making money at home?" No, but you will probably get into trouble if you try to pass it.

H. F. (Batham).— "Although I 'phoned the railway station to send a porter for my luggage, no notice was taken of my request." A trunk call gone wrong?

T. N. (Leeds).— "An ex-forgery in a volume of memoirs says that he did his best work while listening to music." His signature tune.

MARRIED (Norwich).— "Inventions of all sorts are making a woman's job in the house easier." And the man's hardest job is to provide them.

Doctor (Harley Street).— "Total immersion in cold water is very soothing." Unless you are waiting for a lifeguard to come and rescue you.

SHOPPER (West End).— "What is worse than returning to one's car and finding it with the tyres flat?" Not finding it.

J. M. C. (Darlington).— "I'm always happy to do a good turn whenever possible." It's possible this week. If yours is the best *Bullet* entered, you will be able to do three good turns and make several people happy. See page 39.

R. J. B. (Morecambe).— "If holiday girls were to wear the same bathing costumes two summers running, who would notice it?" The manufacturers.

D. L. (Watford).— "It is the duty of umpires of a game to judge and not to criticise." Nevertheless, tennis umpires do a lot of fault finding.

STUDENT (Netley).— "Most birds fly faster than a car." But cars don't.

J. W. (Kettering).— "A man once gave me a sovereign to keep his secret." Silence is golden.

J. L. (Liverpool).— "Are Englishmen air-conscious?" Well, they become unconscious when deprived of it.

P. B. (Leeds).— "As I had forgotten my notes I was unable to deliver the lecture." Left speechless?

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

To prevent CONSTIPATION

"I consider Allinson Bread eliminates constipation. It keeps us fit and well, and, as the mother of four healthy children, I find it is unequalled as a body-builder. Having proved its worth I should not care to use any other."

E. H., Chesterfield.

Allinson Bread is the best of all breads for families which have growing children, because it provides them with the whole of the rich nutriment and abundant vitamins from the choicest wheat in the world—ripe, full-bodied, sun-saturated Empire wheat. In addition it is Nature's ideal antidote to constipation—gently promoting daily bowel action without the need for drastic, weakening habit-forming laxatives. The medical profession, including its most distinguished members, almost unanimously insist on the importance of this body-purifying element in wheat which you are sure of getting in Allinson Bread.

Serve Allinson Bread at all meals—a loaf contains more genuine nourishment than packets of more expensive foods. Obtainable from good bakers everywhere; and Allinson Flour for home baking from bakers, grocers and Health Food Stores, in 3½, 7 and 14-lb. sealed bags.

FREE GIFTS. A wide choice of valuable and useful free gifts is available in exchange for the paper band from the Allinson loaf, or coupons from flour bags.

FREE SAMPLE

Fill in and post this coupon to the Natural Food Co., Ltd., 210 Cambridge Road, E.C.2—you will receive in return a voucher entitling you to obtain a full-sized Allinson loaf free.

Name..... (BLOCK LETTERS)

Address.....

Use 3d. stamp on unsealed envelope. U.K.

A WARNING TO STOMACH SUFFERERS

The amazing cures effected by Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, even in cases where all else has failed, have brought on to the market so many imitations of its name and appearance, that you must be very careful to insist on the original product, bearing the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN."

The formula of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder depends for its effect on its very accurate balance, any inaccuracy in its composition, any impurity in an ingredient can render it practically useless, and the price at which some of these imitations are sold makes it obvious that they cannot be compounded with the care and equipment used by Maclean's Ltd.

The success of the original Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is largely due to the fact that only the highest grade ingredients are used, suited through the finest silk to ensure that the powder is perfectly smooth, fine, pure and clean. All its intricate mixing and blending is carried on under the watchful eye of highly qualified chemists under strictly hygienic conditions. Even the very air is cleaned for your greater protection.

Health is too important to risk for the sake of a few pence. When you recommend Maclean's to friends advise them always to see the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" and always to ask for it under the full name of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. To ask vaguely for "Maclean's" is to risk getting an inferior article.

The genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is never sold loose, but only in bottles in cartons. All good chemists stock it at 1/3, 2/- and 5/- in Powder and Tablet form.

Painful PILES

Eased in 5 minutes

Within five minutes of the first application of 'Nemolin' Pile Ointment you will have relief from irritation and burning pain. In two or three days congestion and inflammation subside and the piles are much diminished, whilst a complete cure is assured to those who persevere with this simple, cleanly treatment. 'Nemolin' Pile Ointment is always sold under a guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Price 3/- of all good chemists.

It will cost you Nothing to accept this generous offer of A FREE RAZOR BLADE!

★ The makers of Stead Razor Blades offer every John Bull reader a FREE sample "STEAD BLADE" in a special "STEAD" WALLET. Simply fill in the coupon in the advt. on p. 33 and enclose in an unsealed envelope bearing a 3d. stamp. Accept this free offer now!

STILL MORE DIPHTHERIA

NEW DIPHTHERIA PERIL!

Special to "The People"

DIPHTHERIA is on the increase again—partly, it is believed, because of impure water supplies and the drought. The number of new cases reported last week jumped up to 757, an increase of 27 over the previous week. This is 25 per cent more than the hospital authorities had expected to deal with, according to the latest figures. The last three weeks have seen 21,000 cases in the country.

DIPHTHERIA... the dread fever is sweeping the country. In tiny hamlets, villages, sea-ports, towns and great cities it is taking its toll. There have been no less than 21,000 cases during the last three months.

Safeguard yourself and your family now, this very moment, by filling in the forms below for JOHN BULL's great Free Family Insurance Gift. JOHN BULL is the *only* paper to pay benefits for Diphtheria and other specified sicknesses.

But that is not all, JOHN BULL is the *only* paper to safeguard your home against Fire, Storm and Flood Damage and to add a 10 per cent. bonus to benefits paid to readers of over three months' standing. In addition, JOHN BULL provides benefits for Accidents in the Home and Garden, on the Sports Field, Boating, Bathing and Children's Accidents.

During last week alone 247 cheques amounting to £812 5s. 8d. were despatched to registered readers of JOHN BULL as benefit under JOHN BULL's Great Free Family Insurance

"John Bull" only
paper to pay
insurance benefits.

Gift. Included in this total are the following:

21 cheques of £5 5s. for Sickness Benefit.

116 cheques of £2 for Children's Benefit.

68 cheques for Fire Damage.

Can you afford to ignore such a magnificent, comprehensive, FREE Insurance Gift? By signing the forms below you will be assured of JOHN BULL's unrivalled protection.

HOLIDAY CONCESSION.

Registered readers and their families will enjoy the full protection of JOHN BULL's unsurpassed Free Insurance Gift while on holiday in Great Britain, Ireland, the Channel Islands, or the Isle of Man.

The only condition is that in the event of an application arising it will be necessary to show that they purchased JOHN BULL while on holiday, and before leaving instructed their regular newsagent to resume delivery immediately on their return.

"John Bull"—the *ONLY* paper to pay
Fire, Storm, Flood, and Sickness Benefits.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to your
Newsagent

To (Name of.....
Newsagent)

Address.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 28/7/34

Post this Form to

"John Bull" Registration Department,
125, Long Acre, London, W.22.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Signature.....

Age.....

Address.....

Name and Address.....
of Newsagent.

Date.....

Use (d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if (d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 28/7/34

NOW HE'S PLANNING A REAL HOLIDAY

Winner's chat with "John Bull" Man

IT is bad enough to be healthy and unemployed—but it is worse still, perhaps, to be forced out of work by bad health. So a former R.A.F. man, Mr. G. Samways, discovered when illness compelled him to give up an office appointment.

With his wife bravely helping, he turned his hand to the writing of adventure stories for boys' magazines, tapping out tales of stirring deeds on his typewriter in the office he rents for his work at the Spa Hotel, Hockley, Essex.

But the strain of work, illness and worry proved too much for Mr. Samways. For a time he had to give up writing. And when he started again, he found that securing acceptance for stories was harder than ever.

Fortunately, however, he had not given up writing those stories of two, three or four words which JOHN BULL invites readers to submit upon *Bullets* coupons. And the reward for his persistence came suddenly one recent Friday afternoon.

Whilst at his home at "Shenley," Hillside Avenue, Hockley, he learnt that a telegram had arrived at his office at the Spa Hotel. And that message brought congratulations from Long Acre on winning the First Prize of £500 and a yearly £25 Holiday Cheque or £750 in our 943rd *Bullets* Contest!

"Well, now you can have a real holiday!" were his wife's first words on hearing the great news. And soon they were planning that "real holiday," as well as other joys made possible by the £750 cheque chosen by Mr. Samways.

To a JOHN BULL man, the next day, the winner spoke of the years he slugged away at *Bullets* before turning out his neat and homely effort. WHAT MOTHER MADE—AND MERITS, "HEAVENLY HOME."

"Making *Bullets* has been my side-line ever since the war," he explained. "I have won scores of small prizes, but this is the first time I have ever reached the printed list."



"Bullets" paid him best

"I am so glad he has won," his wife put in. "It will mean the two elder children will be able to go on to better schools—but first we will go off to Brighton for a wonderful holiday!"

* * *

Another plodder to secure high honours in this Contest was a young married man, Mr. L. A. Spracklen, 5, Daimers Road, Dorchester. A £50 cheque was his reward for the well-phrased and thoughtful *Bullet* Shows He's A PAL—STANDS NEAR—STANDS SNEAKS.

"My interest in *Bullets* extends back for eight or nine years," this winner tells JOHN BULL, "but four years ago I settled down to them seriously, and during that time have won quite consistently."

"Regular entry and making a study of winning efforts" are two of Mr. Spracklen's golden rules for success. "And last, but not least," he continues, "let me say quite frankly that it was not until I became a regular reader of *Bullets Bulletin* that I became a regular winner. If you want to take a short cut to the prize-list, let *Bullets Bulletin* be your guide."

Take your short cut to the prize-list by posting off the Reservation Coupon on opposite page without delay. But remember also to see that you enter some *Bullets* for this week's 50 big Holiday Prizes.

RESULT OF COMPETITION NO. 944

FIRST PRIZE, £750 AND PORTABLE RADIO SET

Mr. W. E. DARVILL, 11, Oakland Road, Bristol.

Example:—WHEN WE WAKE UP

Bullet:—FEWER MOTHERS "FALLING ASLEEP."

SECOND PRIZE £50:

Mr. H. V. BETTS, 101, High Street, Ramsgate, Kent

Example: Your Child

Bullet: Geneva—Or Your Child—!

THIRD PRIZE £30:

Mr. A. DUNCAN, 132, Land Street, Keith, Banffshire.

Example: Dictator

Bullet: Moulding Thought — Thoughtful, Smouldering

OTHER PRIZES

£20: L. J. McMANUS, 9, Pinck Street, London, S.E. Where Britain Scores—"Time, Gents!" Quells "Revolutions."

£19: W. H. RICHARDS, 177, Chepstow Road, Newport, Mon. Marriage—"Castle"—It's "Ruins" Unbeautiful.

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£18: D. McKINNON, 291, Killin Street, Glasgow. Dictators—"Fixtures"—By "Removals."

£17: L. J. ABRAHAMSON, 65, Baytree Road, Brixton, S.W. Politician's Wife—"Business, Dear?"—"No, Parliament!"

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£16: Miss M. BARNES, 56, Dover Road, Brighton.

In The Smoky City—Prosperity's "Salvage Corps" Busy.

£15: H. EDWARDS, 24, Penn Avenue, Lenton, Nottingham.

Girl At The Seaside—Sweet Seventeen—My Grandmother!

2 OF £14 EACH:

J. YOUNG, 16, Glasgow Street, Glasgow. Moment—And Anxious Years.

W. G. POWELL, 67, Percy Street, Bedminster, Bristol. What The War-monger Said—"Defenceless Children? Arm Them!" (Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

2 OF £13 EACH:

K. BEECROFT, 37, East Street, Scarsdale, near Bolsover, Derbyshire. Hard As Iron—Sonny, Remembering Soft-hearted Promise.

H. E. PHILLIPS, 42, High Street, Brightlinges, Jumped At—Any Job—Financially "Crippled."

2 OF £12 EACH:

A. ARMSTRONG, Red House Farm, North Kelsey Moor, Lincs. Blow For Mother—Couldn't Patch Sons' Quarrel.

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.) G. BLACKWELL, 12, St. Clements, Oxford. Politician's Wife—So Neglected, She's "Pairing"

2 OF £11 EACH:

S. P. JONES, 163 Douglas Road, Acocks Green, Birmingham.

A Snoot Rang Out And—German Spectator Won Spruit.

J. T. SOMERTON, 4, Seagrove Road, Clevedon, Som. Blow For Mother—"Gentle Knock" After "Explosion."

2 OF £10 EACH:

J. STANLEY, 37, Church Lane, Gorton, Manchester. What Might Happen—To Her Mother, Doesn't?

F. WAKEFIELD, 51, Brixham Crescent, Rushlip Manor, Middlesex. The Butterfly—Tiring, "Settles" On "Orange blossom."

A list of all other cash prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull." ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER

'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON VALUE

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

3

the Coupons

50 Big Holiday Prizes Must Be Won—See Page 39



"John Bull" Insurance Gift Registration Forms and the "John Bull" Pen Coupon appear this week on page 38.

£150

50 MORE FINE BULLETS HOLIDAY PRIZES

WEEK'S SEASIDE HOLIDAY FOR THREE NEEDY FAMILIES

Winner will be invited to choose recipients—"John Bull" will complete the arrangements.

£50	£30	£20	£19
£18	£17	£16	£15
2 of £14	2 of £13	2 of £12	2 of £11
2 of £10	2 of £9	2 of £8	2 of £7
2 of £6	2 of £5	3 of £4	6 of £3
12 PRIZES OF £2.10s. EACH			
500 PRIZES OF 2s. 6d. — 2,000 RED SEAL "TARGETS"—8,000 "TARGET" PRIZES.			

Unique Holiday First Heads £1,250 in "Bullets" Cash!

SCORES of big Holiday Cheques have already been posted by JOHN BULL to entrants of good Bullets during July. Now comes the August Campaign, opening with the splendid array of Holiday Prizes on this page.

Heading this week's 50 fine Holiday opportunities is a novel big "Good Samaritan" First, waiting to delight its winner with the solid fortune of £750 in cash, plus the satisfaction of being able to send three needy families to the sea for a week at JOHN BULL's expense.

Read the simple instructions below, start on your fascinating work to-day and make sure that your entry reaches Long Acre by Saturday, August 4.

A few days afterwards, congratulations will be wired to the First Prize-winner; why should not the boy with the red bicycle make his call at your house? He may well do so, provided that you put your best into the Bullets you enter for this huge One-week Holiday Contest.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

To make a Bullet, read through the Examples and jot down, say, six which specially appeal to you, adding any rough ideas which come into your mind as you seek some apt comment on each.

Now, since a Bullet must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words, compress your rough ideas accordingly into neat phrases which convey your meaning clearly.

For instance, suppose you took the Example, WOMAN WHO MANAGES; you might at first jot down the rough comment, *Wise If She Hides The Fact*. This you could readily turn into the finished Bullet, WOMAN WHO MANAGES—TO CONCEAL MANAGING, WISE.

You are now almost ready to try your hand with the Examples. But before you begin, you will be wise to secure a flying start by studying the varied styles of the winning efforts on the opposite page, noting the simple but well-chosen words which have brought substantial prizes to their senders.

You can polish your ideas into prize Bullets just as effectively, for these winners are no more than everyday notions expressed in usual phrasing. Get busy on your efforts now!

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

MAKES BRITANNIA SMILE
DAWN OF NEW DAY
PEACE WILL COME WHEN
BATTLE OF GENEVA
ALTOGETHER DIFFERENT
WOMAN WHO MANAGES
PAYS ME
WISE NATION
THINKING
REVENGE IS SWEET, BUT
FUTILE
HE'S A PESSIMIST, SO
ALL ALONE
FATHER'S SECRET
WHY SHE LEFT HIM
BABY ARRIVED AND
THAT NIGHT
WORTH LISTENING TO
GOOD DAY'S WORK
SHOWS HE'S A BRICK
THE GARDENER
WRAPPED IN THOUGHT
PRICE OF SUCCESS
WORTH RECALLING
EMPTY LIFE
FAR FROM HOME
JOB FOR A MAGICIAN
TO REACH THE TOP
FROM NOW ON
SLOWING DOWN
PEACEFULLY
ENJOYING THEMSELVES
IN CHILDHOOD'S FAIRLAND
TRIBUTE TO HER
WHEN THE HARM'S DONE
LIKE A PACK OF WOLVES

96 FREE PAGES OF COMPETITION HELP

What do the judges want? How do the big prize-winners make their efforts?

These and scores of other questions you will find answered in "Bullets" Bulletin, which will also introduce you to a thrilling new £50-a-week Bullets Football Contest. Post off the coupon to-night and receive each Thursday for 12 weeks this eight-page guide to competition success.

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed " & Co.," payable to John Bull) to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "Bullets" Bulletin, commencing with the next available issue.

NAME

ADDRESS

Post to: "BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.

(Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.)

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed / & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press, Ltd., and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for £750 drawn by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 948 will be displayed in the window of Mr. R. Barnham, Old Post Office, Hockley, Essex.

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed " & Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

P.O. No. _____

(948) I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____

Address _____

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

P.O. No. _____

(948) I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____

Address _____

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

P.O. No. _____

(948) I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____

Address _____

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

P.O. No. _____

(948) I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____

Address _____

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

P.O. No. _____

(948) I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d.

Signed _____

Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper. NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 948 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 948, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)



ALMOND
OIL

ZEE-KOL

TOILET
SOAPBeautiful and Talented Woman's Evidence that it
CREATES BEAUTY & PRESERVES BEAUTY.

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three months into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion.

Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils.

This is the whole-sale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL

costs 4d. per lb.

ALMOND OIL

costs 5/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

**MADAM DU BARRY.**

Du Barry was the mistress of Louis XVth. She was noted for her beautiful complexion and vitality. She was only a seamstress when Count du Barry fell in love with her, and he afterwards got her to beguile Louis XVth, usurping the position of La Pompadour. Her glorious complexion—which bewitched the King—was made beautiful with similar materials to those which are used in Zee-Kol Soap to-day. Du Barry was guillotined during the French Revolution.

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, ALMOND OIL has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-.

1/- LARGE 6d. NOW
Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, or direct from SHAVEX-ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. 514), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19.

NO SHAVEX NO SOAP REVOLUTION IN SHAVING BRUSH

A FEW years ago "SHAVEX" was unknown, yet it is in every part of the world to-day. Millions are now using "SHAVEX."

"SHAVEX" is the most modern and up-to-date method of shaving. What is more simple than wetting the beard with water, smearing a little "SHAVEX" lightly over the beard and then shaving? You will get the smoothest, cleanest and best shave you have ever had and your skin will feel like softest satin. No wrinkles will appear as "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food. It will also take only a quarter of the time required with soap and brush. The skin after being shaved with soap and brush often looks and feels sore, as the soap and brush have taken out all the natural oil and dried up the skin. "SHAVEX" gives the skin natural oil, all the creases smooth out with the use of "SHAVEX."

Shavex is without doubt the most perfect method of shaving in the world. Shavex will give you the best shave you have ever had. Your face will keep young, as Shavex is a skin food. All wrinkles disappear with Shavex, as there is no soda in Shavex to dry up the skin. Your skin will feel as smooth as satin, and you will shave in a quarter the time that you would take with soap and brush.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST WHEN ASKING FOR SHAVEX for a "Shaves" Super Blade. We guarantee it to be the longest lived blade in the world. It is a miracle of sharpness, and the smoothest that one can use on the face. Made of Chrome Steel, and honed by our secret process. Money back if disappointed, and postage.

These marvellous SHAVEX Blades are now 2d. instead of 4d.

SHAVEX is sold everywhere in 6d., 1/- & 1/6 Tubes and 1/8 Pots.

Never before has shaving been made so easy, so rapid and so pleasant. No after lotions are required. Never before have men been given the true secret of youthful looks. "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food, Skin Tonic, and Skin Preserver, preventing formations of wrinkles and lines, and keeping away the ravages of time. Travellers who, when on a journey, find themselves short of water, can always get a perfect shave when carrying "SHAVEX" and look fresh. After being in sun and wind and the face is rough and sore and you have to shave, nothing is more soothing than a "SHAVEX" shave.



PASHA: How do you get this gentlemen keep so smart? Your skin looks so splendid—you don't seem to have a wrinkle in this broiling sun—and you wear dinner suits. You Englishmen are a race alone, under all conditions you will wear a dinner jacket. I suppose that's what helps to keep you so civilized whatever part of the world you go to.

EXCAVATOR: Well, we happen to be fortunate and bring out within a large consignment of Shavex. It is, indeed, one of the greatest blessings man can have, in such an outlandish place as this, where we get very little water. I can shave with Shavex without any water, and after I've shaved I rub Shavex well into the skin and it preserves my skin and prevents it drying up in this hot sun—and keeps away the wrinkles. I am 55 and my friends here to 55, and yet they take us for 35—as you see, my skin is quite clear, and I feel as fresh as a daisy after every shave. I shave for two minutes with Shavex and get the most perfect shave a man can have. It is a skin food and the Almond Oil it contains keeps away wrinkles.

PASHA: Then indeed, my dear friend, you must really let me have some of this magic Shavex and help to keep me young.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY for FREE Sample Tube of SHAVEX. Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly, and send with a 2d. stamp to the SHAVEX-ZEE-KOL CO., LTD. (Dept. 514), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

DOGE CREAM

THE NEW MARVELLOUS

COMPLEXION RESTORER

HOWEVER sallow or patchy your complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles on the skin and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market. It is the most remarkable and the most perfect cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil and it does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles and leaves the skin smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe. We guarantee that there is not another cream in the world to compare with Doge Cream. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Send for a sample and see its marvellous results.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream, and does not dry up the skin; it keeps the skin supple, firm and youthful. If Doge Cream is smeared around the eyes at night every wrinkle will vanish as if a miracle had happened. We do not pay for Society women to give us their portraits, but over a thousand of the leading Society women use Doge Cream. When thinking of other face creams remember that Doge Cream is not like any of these. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used.



Who on earth would have believed that I am 63. And all done by putting Doge Cream on my face. Leaving it on all night and just gently massaging my face in the morning with Doge Cream. It seems that Doge softens the wrinkles and the light massage smoothes away the lines that are already softened by the cream.

Fancy, everyone envies my skin at my age and think I am but 35. What magic this cream has done for me. At seventeen I never had this wonderful complexion. Well, I still have many admirers even in my old age.

Per 1/- Large 2/- Large 9d.
Pot 1/- Pot 2/- Tube 9d.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY

FOR FREE SAMPLE TUBE OF DOGE CREAM. For sample of Doge Cream send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of Doge Soap is also desired send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the Shavex-Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. 508), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.



ECZEMA.
"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

(VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.
"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Legs. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."



ABSCESSES.
Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.



ERYSIPELAS.
This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.



CORNS.
The worst corns will soon disappear if Zee-Kol is applied to them night and morning.

SKIN DISEASES**Disappear in a Night****WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.**

Many may promise a wonderful cure, but there is nothing like Zee-Kol.

Beware of Imitations.

ZEE-KOL is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying some of the big Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin troubles will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures, in record time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hemorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

ZEE-KOL**The Wonder Skin Remedy 4 FREE GIFTS COUPON**

For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Doge Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the Shavex-Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. 514), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19. At all chemists: Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/8, or a large tin 8/-.



BURNS.
Zee-Kol relieves all pain and the skin will heal.



BOILS, ETC.
Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol, and in two days they disappear.



PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.
"I always had blackheads and pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—my skin was smooth."



LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.
Excellent for Sore Joints, rubbed in gently by the fire and for Rheumatism.